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commonweal

Spring Book Issue

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE

Elizabeth Sewell

HEMINGWAY SI, PAPA NO

Wilfrid Sheed

A SHORT-STORY WRITER

Ivan Gold

DARK DISEASE

Anthony Burgess

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The brutalization of children by the Vietnam war is being promoted by the Chicago *Tribune*'s comic strip *Tales of the Green Beret*, now syndicated in 25 papers. Sample dialogue: "We kidnap, we burn, we execute . . . We clobber the Viet Cong from the inside, where they live! It's cruel, ruthless, the kind of war they invented! They use terrorism, assassination. We're giving it back to them in spades!"

•

More Catholics than non-Catholics in America think the Church should change its position on birth control, according to a Gallup Poll provided by the Population Reference Bureau in Washington. Of the Catholics, 56 percent thought the Church should change, 33 percent thought not, and 11 percent didn't know. Comparable figures for non-Catholics were 53, 22 and 25.

Other responses from Catholics: 81 percent favor easy availability of birth control information for any married person who wants it, 43 percent favor such availability for single adult persons who want it, and 55 percent favor birth control help through foreign aid programs if the recipient nation requests it. The percentage of non-Catholics in favor of these three proposals was a few points higher in each case (86, 52 and 59, respectively).

•

Same Old Dallas: After 2½ years of inaction, The Dallas City Council has finally decided to put plaques on the site of President Kennedy's assassination. The plaques begin by discussing the city's acquisition of the plaza, and go on to discuss John Neeley Bryan's 1841 log cabin, the state's creation of Dallas County ("the seat of justice") and the growth of Dallas. After discussing a toll bridge, the moving of Trinity River and the building of a railroad and railroad terminal, the plaques finally get around to mention—in the last two paragraphs—that President Kennedy was killed on the site. The words "John Fitzgerald Kennedy" make their appearance as the 229th, 230th and 231st words.

•

The reactionary Catholic press has not yet recovered from the appearance of the four nuns on David Susskind's "Open End" several weeks ago. Letters of abuse are still rolling in, and column-writers and preachers alike have sputtered for weeks. One example of the distress, quoted from the parish bulletin of the Church of St. Frances of Rome (Bronx, N.Y.) follows: "'Did you have your Faith and Charity strained by viewing the libertarian David Susskind TV interview (?) last month with the four nuns?' is a question posed recently by decent Catholics. He certainly selected four of his kind—inflated exhibitionists with ridiculous prattlings evinced by their indulgent host. Someone has proposed a new dirge entitled *Don't Send My Girl to Webster, the Dying Mother Said.* Thank God that quartette is a very, very small representation of our more than 175,000 religious Sisters who are truly replicas of the holy Mother of God."

•

If the FBI has a serious morale problem, one reason might be the tactics it employs against its own workers. The New York *Times* for April 24 quotes an unidentified FBI man on the subject of the Bureau's "puritanical surveillance" of the private lives of everyone in the organization. Even parking violations of FBI file clerks must be reported and placed on the man's record. According to the *Times,* FBI bachelors are encouraged to room together so they can keep an eye on each other's private life for the benefit of the Bureau. An FBI spokesman said that all this was not for security purposes but for purposes of assuring the parents of FBI employees that their sons and daughters "are living under exemplary standards." (Apparently FBI people don't appreciate the boost toward clean living: the Bureau loses employees 75 percent faster than the Government as a whole.)

•

Does Arthur Goldberg know something the rest of us don't know? Speaking at the American Newspaper Publishers Convention, he said: "In my own mind I am confident that the day will come, *and is not so far distant as it may seem,* when our adversaries in Vietnam will begin to see that our peace proposals are no sign of weakness—and their refusal is no proof of strength" (Italics ours).

Jean Lacouture, writing in the *New York Review of Books,* reports that "a dialogue is now secretly taking place somewhere in the South between the U.S. Government and the National Liberation Front."

•

Christian Beliefs and Anti-Semitism (Harper & Row, $8.50) reports the results of a five-year sociological study, financed by the Anti-Defamation League, and directed by Charles Y. Glock and Rodney Stark of the California Survey Research Center. Some random findings: anti-Semitism is highest among those who view their religion as the only means of achieving eternal salvation; 95 percent of American anti-Semitism has some kind of religious base; religious anti-Semitism does not decline with a rise in either educational level or economic status; only 44 percent of Catholics think the Jews can ever be forgiven for what they did to Jesus, without accepting him as savior; 54 percent of Catholics think the races would get along fine in this country if Communists and other radicals didn't stir up trouble; 29 percent of Catholics think, in general, that Negroes have inferior intelligence compared to whites and 28 percent think it's a shame that Negroes are so immoral; 36 percent of Catholics don't think an avowed atheist should be permitted to teach in a public school.

In most areas of the study, Catholics seem to have shown up worse than moderate Protestants, much better than conservative Protestants, and a shade better than the Protestant average.

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

Padre Torres

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Padre Camilo Torres' death has many lessons to teach those interested in Latin American development. Alexander Wilde [Death of a Rebel Priest, March 18] seemed content to point out only one—the critical need for reform. Latin America seems to be burdened with sincere and dedicated men who hold visions of radical and fundamental reforms, who have oratorical powers to rouse the urban workers and the Christian Democratic intellectual and yet who invariably substitute sensationalism and the dramatic gesture for the hard work of closing the gap between vision and reality. Camilo Torres' attempt to transform the structure of a highly politicized state in a three-month campaign through Colombia's big cities necessarily had to lead to frustration, for himself and for the people who put hope in such a vision.

Unfortunately Camilo Torres is not a unique phenomenon in Latin America but rather a very common one. (In the last three years Colombia has had three such 'reformers': Torres, Alvaro Uribe, and Ruiz Novoa). It is little wonder that in such a context of continually frustrated hope, the abstention rate from elections is well over fifty percent and the outlawed ex-dictator Rojas Pinilla, who has already proven his incompetence, draws twenty times the number of votes of the CD. The tragedy of Latin America is that Camilo Torres is remembered and respected for his dramatic gesture and Padre Herreros, devoting twenty years of a fruitful life to a single urban slum, is considered out of date. The Church can learn much from Camilo Torres, not all of it in the realm of eschatology.

GREGORY SCHMID

"Slum Housing"

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: I heartily endorse

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NO SANCTUARY

In defense of the State Department's "no sanctuary" rule, Senator Henry Jackson of Washington said it was "sound policy to let the Chinese know in advance what is in store for them if they attack our planes over North Vietnam." Perhaps. But the other side of the coin is that a public "no sanctuary" policy surrenders initiative to the Chinese. Now that Washington has underlined its "no sanctuary" decision with such emphasis, it has given away its freedom to maneuver in the event a Chinese plane should appear over Vietnam. The Administration could well find itself trapped by public opinion into the kind of escalation it is in its best interests to avoid.

The issue here, admirably framed by Senator Robert Kennedy, is not primarily one of morality or international law. "Hot pursuit" is a traditional enough principle if one cared to defend the legal aspects. The issue is whether the enunciation of "no sanctuary" advances or retards our real interests in Vietnam, and whether it maximizes or minimizes our control over future events there. Is anything gained by promising to attack across the Chinese border if a plane with Chinese markings appears over Vietnam? Senator Jackson has rightly pointed out what *might* be gained: the Chinese might think twice about taking an overt hand in the war. But the gain does not seem equal to the risk. Given the peculiarly belligerent public opinion that always seems to afflict democracies in time of war, the "no sanctuary" rule could evolve into precisely the excuse for "getting at" China. Several respected commentators have warned us that powerful figures in the American military favor a war with China while that nation is still weak. These fears may well be exaggerated. But in the light of them, why provide an advance commitment to raid across the border if a Chinese plane is spotted? Washington could well retain its option to do so, in any event. But the decision to announce the policy publicly narrows this option and other options.

The original announcement, made on July 11 of last year, was Dean Rusk's statement that "the idea of sanctuary is dead." However robust the sentiment, the statement was one more example of the Administration's

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great attention to detail at the expense of the big picture. The main idea is to get a political settlement in the South, not to elaborate public ground-rules for taking the first punch at China.

We cannot be sure that China will stand aside if U.S. planes bomb a Chinese "sanctuary." James Reston reports in his April 27 column: "This is not regarded at the Pentagon and the White House as an unacceptable risk. In fact, our air power has run into so little opposition in the past that the men running the war from here have gradually come to believe that China and the Soviet Union will tolerate military defeats the United States clearly would not tolerate itself."

If this is not an example of the arrogance which Senator Fulbright sees overtaking the U.S., then at least it is an example of resting a profound decision on a very fragile assumption. The risk of a major intervention by China or Russia, one would think, demands more attention than the confident guess reported by Mr. Reston.

Such assumptions are all the more dangerous since the war is still being escalated by both sides. Both North Vietnam and the U.S. have been pouring more and more troops into the South. The air war has been escalated by Washington through the decision to send the big B-52's over the North for the first time, and by Hanoi through the introduction of the first MIG-21's. The aerial combat is likely to expand and take place ever closer to the Chinese border. If we were *trying* to tempt the Chinese to step in, not much change in policy would be required. It is instructive to recall that the Chinese intervention in Korea came only after the U.S. decision not to settle for the 38th parallel, but to drive right up to the Chinese border. One need not be an apologist for the Chinese to understand how they might become twitchy at the sight of a hostile power playing around at their doorstep. The confidence that the Chinese would not intervene proved a costly mistake in Korea. It would be an even more costly one in Vietnam.

SUSPICION AND THE CIA

The New York *Times* performed an outstanding public service by presenting a series of lengthy articles assessing the work of the Central Intelligence Agency. The articles recount the usual horrors: the Bay of Pigs, the attempt to doctor Cuban sugar destined for Russia, the U-2 incident. The vastness of CIA operations are suggested: training anti-Communist police forces in Latin America, promoting anti-Communist student front groups, directly or indirectly subsidizing American publishers, research institutes and universities. The *Times* articles are reassuring to the extent that they suggest that the CIA was brought "under control" as a result of the Bay of Pigs disaster and the replacement of Allen Dulles by John A. McCone. Control of the agency, the *Times* concludes, will always depend far more on the character of the presidentially-appointed Director than on any Congressional "watchdog" committee which might be established.

But "control" is not the only problem CIA activities present. A number of recent news items can only confirm the impression that, controlled or not, many of these activities have gone far to critically compromise the peaceful efforts overseas of Americans and pro-Westerners.

The placing of CIA operatives, for example, in the Michigan State University task force which assisted Diem in Vietnam casts doubt on the character of all university projects in Asia, Africa and Latin America. The CIA is reported to have attempted to infiltrate the Peace Corps, a move cut short by the angry reaction of the Peace Corps leadership, who knew that such an action would undermine Peace Corps status in every developing nation. The *Times* series reports that the CIA "has poured money into Latin American election campaigns in support of moderate candidates and against leftist leaders. . . ." When an April 30 *Times* story from Santo Domingo refers to the election campaign efforts of "Joaquin Balaguer, candidate of the moderate right and generally considered the favorite of the United States," what is one to think?

Senator Fulbright has expressed concern over the practice of CIA analysts' presenting cases for government policy without revealing their government connections. Fulbright referred to the April issue of *Foreign Affairs* magazine which contains a lengthy article arguing that the Vietcong is completely controlled by Hanoi. The article's author, George A. Carver, Jr., is a CIA employee. *Foreign Affairs*, however, identifies him only as a "student of political theory and Asian affairs, with degrees from Yale and Oxford; former officer in the U.S. aid mission in Saigon; author of 'Aesthetics and the Problem of Meaning.' "

But the problem gets murkier yet. The February 24 issue of *The Reporter* carried an article on the National Liberation Front by Douglas Pike. In many respects, Mr. Pike's article closely parallels Carver's. *The Reporter* identifies Mr. Pike as "a specialist in research on the Vietcong for the United States Information Agency in Saigon . . . who recently spent a year at MIT preparing a definitive study of the National Liberation Front." Now, the MIT Center of International Studies was established in 1951 with CIA money, is headed today by a former CIA assistant director and only recently formally announced it was severing its relations with the intelligence agency. Once again, what is one to think?

Just as Americans don't like Russian fishing trawlers, Asians, Africans and Latin Americans don't like economic aid centers and research projects which serve as bases for intelligence operations. At home, American citizens would like to know the difference between government-supported official statements and independent scholarship. By blurring all the lines, the CIA is making America pay a high price in suspicion and distrust.

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ON THE ROAD, IN THE AIR

Not whimpers, but coughs will mark the end of life as we know it. Already in some localities dark clouds of polluted air seem to be gathering for the final assault on men's lungs. What comes into the world white goes out black as the darkest soul. What can we do? We have the science of ecology, concerned with the relations between organisms and their environment, which might provide the basis of a secular ethics for these relations if we were fully convinced they exist. But the fact remains, like original sin: We don't believe.

Conservation, one of the most sensible principles ever advocated, carries for many people the same connotations as temperance crusades, anti-vivisectionism, and health foods. Concern for preserving the natural always seems excessive, or sentimental, or unrealistic. In our culture it is usually far down on any list of priorities. In the coal-belt, particularly in Kentucky and Central Illinois, strip-mining, a relatively cheap method of extracting coal from the ground, has left the surface of the countryside clawed and torn. The people will have to speak for themselves. Similarly, industrial wastes have made American waterways undrinkable, unswimmable and unfishable.

The worst effects of most pollutions can usually be avoided, if only by staying home and watching television. Not so air pollution, at least not in the cities where the ashy flake and smaller grains are a daily reminder of the price we pay for a dubious production principle. It has long been established that a major source of air pollution is the automobile. Depending on the locality, up to 90 percent of air contamination is caused by the moving internal combustion engine, whose continued use, in spite of inefficiencies and inconveniences, can only be explained by the irrational. The Appalachian states and the Southern California coast, with spots in Idaho and Utah, have the worst smog problems. Smog is frequent in the surrounding regions, and occasional for most of the United States east of the Mississippi. Manhattan is in the occasional category.

For the past decade there has been much talk on how to control (nobody talks about eliminating) air pollution. In the meantime the problem has got worse. Now, with federal legislation requiring that all new cars be manufactured with fume-suppressing equipment, the talk is that it will take another decade before all cars are fitted with such devices. It will take that long before all cars now on the road are replaced with new models; used cars do not fall under the federal law. In California, where some effort is being made to cope with the used cars, the prospects politically and economically are bleak.

Manufacturers who developed fume-suppressing muffler attachments several years ago in the expectation they would become mandatory, now shy away from further investments because of a California law that provides that any compulsory device not cost more than $65 and that installation not be required until two such devices are available. At present there is only one muffler attachment deemed suitable for used cars. A crankcase device costing under $15 was likewise sidetracked by a law that requires the attachment on models back to 1959, but only when they change ownership.

If workable devices exist for used cars, and for trucks as well, the obvious remedy is federal legislation. Instead of change in ownership, the stipulation might be that a car without such equipment could not cross into other states. Federal highways could also be declared off-limits to the pollutors. But even so, patchwork on what has become a highly inefficient, dangerous and ugly means of urban transportation is not what is really needed. Modern public transportation is the answer to moving great numbers of people in the cities. The rest is fiddling with mufflers while people choke.

COEDUCATION

Among the old and, we guess, once-glorious traditions of the Church was the ideal of a separate education for males and females. "False . . . and harmful to Christian education," Pope Pius XI wrote in an encyclical in 1929, "is the so-called method of 'coeducation.' " Apparently, though, the Council Fathers of Vatican II had second thoughts on the matter. "The Declaration on Christian Education" makes no mention at all about the assets or liabilities of coeducation. Theologically, then, we guess the issue is dead, at least as dead as Pius XI's rationale for segregated education: "There is not in nature itself . . . anything to suggest that there can or ought to be promiscuity, and much less equality, in the training of the two sexes."

Yet however dead the theory, the reality of segregated education lives on here and there. And not just in the Catholic world. As Yale learned a few years ago when it raised the possibility of admitting women to its undergraduate college, the Old Grad of venerable male institutions can be a reactionary creature beyond compare. President Pusey of Harvard once tried to turn the wrath of an outraged alumnus who had complained about the prominence of Radcliffe girls on the campus by stating that, while Harvard had not become coeducational, Radcliffe had. No doubt this jocular reply failed, for the male purist knows corruption when he sees it and he doesn't laugh. It is just possible, naturally, that female graduates of women's colleges have a comparable sense of the undefiled education. But the odds are against it; women seem less prone to indulge in the romantic rhetoric of segregated camaraderie, locker-room fellowship and drinking-with-your-own-kind than men.

None of this is to suggest there are no sensible arguments for a separate education. Those who complain that students are distracted from their work by the constant

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presence of members of the opposite sex may have a point; the dating rat-race in many coeducational colleges is a fearsome presence. So, too, some women educators probably have a good grasp of (a deplorable) reality when they argue that women have a greater opportunity of learning initiative and leadership competing with each other (where they have a chance) than in a coeducational college (where they usually don't). Nor should one neglect the contention that students can more easily discover themselves and their real talents in an atmosphere free of the added complications of a sexually heterogeneous social and academic life.

But if the argument is to be conducted in these terms, there is still more to be said on the other side. Many segregated colleges, for instance, find it difficult to maintain a rich campus cultural life simply because so many students, in quest of a date, leave the campus so often, especially on weekends. Another problem is that a college will necessarily be hindered in seeking the best possible students if it can choose from one sex only. Still another consideration is the necessity that the smaller colleges—particularly Catholic colleges—find ways of merging or at least sharing facilities, library, courses and staffs. This can hardly be accomplished in many cases if the colleges have a built-in antipathy toward coeducation.

The most important consideration, however, is precisely that equality so scorned by Pope Pius XI. Not only should there be equality in education, there should also be the chance for men and women to learn how to treat each other as equals. While it is not inconceivable that this can be accomplished despite separate colleges, they surely do little to help it. Men, in particular, need the experience of seeing that women have minds every bit as good as their own. They need the experience of living and working day in and day out with women. Moreover, since more and more women are working, and working in once exclusively male occupations, men also need to learn how to work with women as occupational equals. For their part, women would profit from a greater exposure to men so that they could get out of their system any antiquated notion that they should put on a special personality for men.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE THIRD STRIKE

Disaster, long feared and foreseen, has struck half of the newspapers of New York. It is a sad and instructive event but there is no moral; it simply proves—when no one required further proof—that if there is a difficult economic and human situation that would tax the powers of brilliant leaders, incompetent and small-bore men can contrive the worst possible result.

Five years ago, there were seven newspapers in New York. Now there are but five and, at this writing, only three are publishing. The first to go under was Hearst's *Daily Mirror,* a morning tabloid. It ceased publication in 1963 although it had 800,000 readers. Almost certainly no rescue efforts in its last years could have saved the *Mirror*. The *Daily News,* the rival morning tabloid, had more than a million readers. Since circulation studies showed that most readers bought both papers, most advertisers naturally preferred to reach the readers of both papers by buying space in the stronger one—the *News*. This same pattern has emerged in cities across the country wherever two newspapers have been in direct, head-to-head competition; the paper which gained a definite advantage has widened its margin. Because of the preference of advertisers for reaching the most readers at the lowest cost per thousand readers, the rich paper got richer and the poor poorer, until it passed out of existence altogether.

If, as the *News* turned sharply conservative and isolationist from 1937 onward, the *Mirror* had shifted its own politics in the opposition, it might have carved out a distinct audience of its own. Only if it could have reached readers that the *News* could not have would the *Mirror* have persuaded advertisers to buy space in its pages and thereby have survived. But the *Mirror,* under the editorial domination of the original William Randolph Hearst, was as reactionary as the *News* and, in its news treatment, an unsuccessful imitation.

The *Herald Tribune* seems to be drifting toward the same grim fate. The *Trib,* the weakest of the three morning papers, has not one but two deadly rivals. Readers who want a popular paper buy the *News,* easily the nation's most skillfully written and edited tabloid. Those who want a serious, comprehensive paper buy the *Times*.

Yet in any other city except New York the *Trib* would be readily recognized as one of the nation's best newspapers. It has won prizes for its handsome typography and layout; it has developed many of the nation's foremost columns in every field from politics (Lippmann, Alsop, Novak-and-Evans) to sports (Red Smith) to humor (Buchwald) to food (Clementine Paddleford); its staff has long nurtured a tradition of good writing; and, in recent years, its local coverage has been notably lively and incisive.

Why then has the *Trib* been tracing a downward course for the past generation? The answer is two-fold. It has been waging the same kind of losing battle with the *Times* that the *Mirror* waged with the *Daily News*. During and

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just after World War II, the *Times* began to pull moderately but discernibly ahead in circulation and advertising. Each year, it slightly but inexorably widened the margin. The other half of the story is that in the past twenty years, New York City has lost approximately one million white residents to its suburbs and filled their places with Negroes and Puerto Ricans. Not all of those ex-New Yorkers were *Trib* readers but they were at least potential readers of a literate, middle-class, liberal Republican paper. Most of the newcomers who replaced them are, for cultural reasons, a generation away from wanting that kind of newspaper.

The *Trib* encountered rising distribution costs as its readers retreated to the further reaches of suburbia and exurbia. When it tried to stimulate its circulation within the city by putting out a lighter, brighter paper, it encountered the solidly established *News*.

Death in the Afternoon

My own conviction is that the *Herald Tribune* could have saved itself only by moving to the afternoon field and appealing to the *Times'* readers as a less weighty, evening version of their favorite newspaper. Until last month, there were three afternoon dailies: the *Post,* which has a hold on a limited but loyal audience made up mostly of Jewish and Negro readers; the Hearst-owned *Journal-American* which is the favorite of a sizable bloc of socially conservative Irish and other Catholics plus a diverse group of readers who like splashy features; and, finally, the *World-Telegram & Sun* owned by the Scripps-Howard chain and which, like the *Herald Tribune,* appealed to the dwindling middle class. A single statistic tells the story of the *World-Telegram's* decline. After it bought the *Sun* in 1950, its first day's press run was 750,000. By last month, its circulation had fallen to 389,000.

The entrance of the *Herald Tribune* into the afternoon field would probably have killed off the *World-Telegram & Sun,* a similar but markedly inferior paper. But John Hay Whitney, who since 1961 has been the publisher of the *Herald Tribune,* was reluctant to take the plunge. He is not by nature a bold man, and it would have required exceptional verve and self-confidence to place the paper in this new setting. Moreover, as a loyal Republican, he did not want to be the instrument for driving out of the city the other respectably conservative paper. (The late Roy Howard had for decades been a shaker and mover in New York Republican politics closely allied, as is Whitney, with the faction headed by former Governor Thomas E. Dewey.) Beset by conflicting impulses, Whitney, despite his great fortune and his admirably earnest desire to do the right thing by the paper, failed to save the *Herald Tribune*. For five years, its staff has bravely soldiered on in the hopeless battle with the two morning titans, the *News* and the *Times*.

In March, in desperation, Whitney entered into a three-way alliance with Hearst and Scripps-Howard. The latter two merged their afternoon papers into the *World Journal* which, faced only with the competition of the *Post,* is likely but not certain to be profitable. They agreed to carry the *Herald Tribune* for at least two years as a morning paper, calculating that the housekeeping economies possible in a 24-hour, around-the-clock operation in a single plant might offset the *Trib's* annual operating losses.

The Hearst Corporation and the Scripps-Howard chain do not share any of Whitney's sentiment. Their sole desire is to have a base in New York, the nation's communications and advertising headquarters, against which to charge the costs of doing business errands in the city on behalf of their respective papers elsewhere in the country. They are prepared to drop the *Trib* promptly if it is too great a burden. They will operate their own merged afternoon paper only if they can do so on their own terms. For this reason, they are resolved to drive a hard bargain with the newspaper unions and to withstand a long strike if necessary to get that bargain.

For reasons that are unclear, Bert Powers, the enigmatic lone wolf who heads the New York printers' union, has played the publishers' game. He has asked for more than the three weeks severance pay provided for in the contract for those printers to be dismissed under the merger. (2,000 of the 5,000 employes of the three papers are to be dropped, including 400 of the 900 printers.) But severance has never been a major consideration with the printers since they can easily get work in commercial print shops. If it had been a major consideration, Powers would not have traded it off in previous contract negotiations in exchange for higher pensions and fringe benefits.

A key feature of the hard bargain the publishers wish to drive with the unions is "selective hiring." Not wanting to start the merged papers with the oldest and, theoretically, most tired, used-up employees of the three previous papers, they want to breach the seniority principle and pick the employees they wish to keep. Since seniority protection is the crucial concern of trade unions, the Newspaper Guild had no alternative except to strike the new papers before they ever started to publish.

But if Whitney proved incapable of saving a paper very much worth saving and if the Hearst and Scripps-Howard managements proved incapable of improving their mediocre papers in ways that would appeal to today's New York audience, the Guild and the other unions have been equally lacking in vision. Their leaders have seen these hard problems facing them for more than a decade, but they have responded with nothing but the ritualistic, class-war militancy of the 1930s. Tired thinking and irrelevant battle cries have prevailed where only risky initiatives could have prevented a major defeat. That defeat is now upon the newspapers and upon two thousand or more men and women whose dearest wish is to write, edit and print those newspapers.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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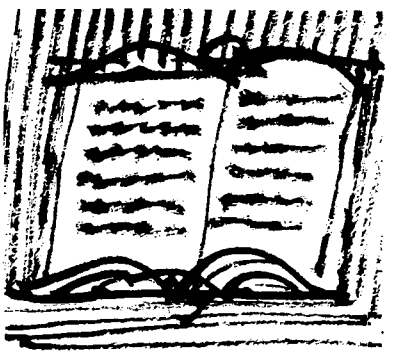
SCIENCE AND LITERATURE

Two strands of the imagination over one hundred years

ELIZABETH SEWELL



"Is inexhaustible that which is real." As a motto, this has a special and slightly comic suitability because the thought, and a wonderful thought it is, is that of a scientist, Michael Polanyi; only then I put it into that particular shape, so it is the mixed production of a scientist and a poet. The motto gives us the principle of what we keep and look at, and what we throw away, in relations between science and literature in the last hundred years. We shall start by seeing what we can throw out, those relations which are exhaustible and, therefore, not real. There seem to me to be four of these.

The first is, if unreal, very endearing. It consists of the scientists who dash into poetry and the poets who dash into science; and there are more of each than we might suppose. In the first group, within our time span, I think of Alfred Russell Wallace and Sir Ronald Ross, and again there is that haunting mathematician and symbolic logic man murmuring about Jabberwocks and Father William. Of the poets who dash into science, the two most notable are really out of my reach by reason of their dates. These are Goethe, of course, and Poe, who expounds the big-bang theory in *Eureka* in 1848 (where did he get it from, one wonders?). Well within our field, however, are those late nineteenth-century poets in France who developed a passion to transform language into the pure emptinesses of mathematics, or of music. Mallarmé, whose work was called, by Valéry, a starry algebra, and Valéry himself, who at one point in his life gave up poetry altogether to devote himself to mathematics for some years. It is the more interesting to find Mallarmé saying of his own work, *"Mon oeuvre est une impasse."* Exhaustible, in other words. We must move on.

The second impasse we meet in the relations between science and poetry is where hostility between the two pursuits is exhibited, or a disjunction on principle, as for example in Professor I. A. Richards' essay *Science and Poetry* of 1926. There are a number of poems on the hostility theme, all of them unsatisfying. Poe's sonnet is too early again, but we might recall *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, and my own memory retrieved something by Walter de la Mare—startling in so true and lovely a poet—where Poetry appeared as a beautiful lady, and Science as a . . . *could* it be a pig? I went and looked it up, and there was "Shaggy Science nosing in the grass," Science that "snuffled . . . squealed . . . grunted." My memory had served me all too well. There is no way through for poetry (or science) here.

The third relation between science and literature which also, I believe, turns out to be exhaustible is when literature chooses to treat science as a problem, and a conflict of some sort is set up or assumed as the center of the action. This mainly applies to drama, whose essence is conflict as we believe, and so it ought to work; it applies to some extent to novels as well. Yet here too there is a rarity of good work. As specimens of this type of relation I summon up Bourget's novel *Le Disciple* of 1889, Sir Charles Snow's early novel *The Search,* and a couple of plays I have read or seen, *The Flashing Stream* by Charles Morgan and one, more recent, called *The Burning Glass* whose author escapes me. (I can think of only one novel and one play, both excellent in a rather off-beat way, which deal with the real relation between science and

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the arts; but neither treats science as a problem, and I shall hold them for the moment.)

The fourth and last of the exhaustible relations between literature and science is where science becomes the object of fantasy; not imagination, which we shall come to shortly, but sheer fantasy. This heading might include all science fiction, from Jules Verne and Wells to Fred Hoyle; the moral allegories such as C. S. Lewis' *That Hideous Strength*; and technological fantasies of many kinds, from Capek's R.U.R. to the Daleks who are so prevalent in England just now and who are rather nice. This is also the world of popular horror movies and comics. The fantasies swing, it seems, somewhere between horror and humor, those curious twins. Even in the would-be nightmares of technology, *Brave New World* or the vastly inferior *1984*, there is an odd sense of collusion, as if we were enjoying making ourselves shudder at our own inventions, an enjoyment similar to that we get from the parallel jokes that tackle the same subject matter. Should we perhaps remember here Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*, and an echo of that same nightmare-joke in Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*?

It seemed to me that in our hundred years there have also been two big waves of jokes about science which we might look at. The first consists of the Darwinian jokes which began rather crudely with jokes about somebody's grandfather being an ape, and went on, and on. The other wave of jokes I have in mind deals with electronic brains, e.g., two white-coated technicians poring over the tape a large computer behind them has just emitted, the one announcing to the other, "It says *Cogito ergo sum*."

The interesting thing is that if we follow these two joke-horror fantasy themes, we emerge into real literature and real imagination, exchanging the exhaustible and unreal relations between science and literature for something quite different. The Darwinian theme leads into the great Rougon-Macquart cycle of novels by Zola, where the scientific theory—heredity and environment with technology thrown in—becomes the dynamic myth directing such works as *L'Assommoir* or *Germinal* or *La Bête humaine*. The other theme leads into John Wain's admirable piece, of 1965, "Poem Feigned to Have Been Written by an Electronic Brain," in which the computer, gone wrong or gone mad, tells its appalled human minders that truth is not with it, the machine, but with them, twined somehow into the pulses and earth of the human body. (Henry Reed's "Naming of Parts," one of the very few good poems to come out of England in the last war, says somewhat the same thing.)

Two Methods of the Imagination

We have here, first in myth and secondly in the simple affirmation of the human frame of body and mind, two great methods of the imagination; perhaps the only two for dealing with matters too enormous for our capacity. Such would include the enormities with which we have been confronted by science and technology within our lifetime. There are, it seems to me, two terminal points here which we are in duty bound to look at. The first is Auschwitz. One can understand why Rolf Hochhuth wanted to write his play. "The Deputy," in verse, and why, in dealing with the terrible figure of the camp doctor he reaches out towards the resources of myth, resources which go back not only through Zola but Kafka's *Penal Colony* and Freud and Marx too, great myth-men, and which suggest that *Paradise Lost* (remember that "devilish Enginrie?") might be among the works of reference for this first terminal point of our technological age. The second terminal point is Hiroshima. And in the literature about this we may see that other method of the imagination just spoken about, the affirmation of simple humanity, the human being as sentient and conscious organism, for instance in John Hersey's *Hiroshima* and again in that remarkable movie *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, which says that the suffering of tens of thousands is not in itself more than the suffering of one single human being, the anguish of one French girl in Nevers as absolute as the holocaust in the Japanese city—that is, if I read it aright.

We had to look at both of these. But now we may exorcise them and move on to something essentially human and blessed, the function of the imagining intellect which both conceives and constitutes the real, inexhaustible relation between science and literature which will occupy us from now on.

Take two little sample knots, or nerve ganglia, as instances of how inseparable in reality the two threads of science and literature are. The first centers around Sainte-Beuve, that man of letters who claimed Bacon as his model for literary criticism, adding that this craft of his is akin to the taxonomic skill of the botanist Jussieu or the comparative anatomy of the great Cuvier. In a particularly interesting passage in the *Premiers Lundis* of 1886 Sainte-Beuve picks up the, for him, significant chance that Cuvier on his election to the Académie had as tradition demands to pronounce the eulogy of the dead man whose seat he inherited, in this case the poet Lamartine. Of this Sainte-Beuve says, "Himself a man of genius who has arrived at those heights of science where it is scarcely distinguishable from poetry, M. Cuvier was of a stature to grasp and to celebrate the philosopher-poet who in the unspecificiability of his thoughts had on more than one occasion made the descent into Chaos and enquired of the elements their origin, law, harmony. . . . It is painful to admit that he fell below the task allotted him." Another such knot centers round Samuel Butler, novelist, satirist, writer on theories of evolution in the 1870s, campaigner on behalf of Lamarck and Erasmus rather than Charles Darwin, whose ideas are taken up by George Bernard Shaw and put together with those of Bergson.

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What world are we in here? Certainly not the tidy (and unreal) world in which we mostly live where the disciplines are separated, but the world of what one might call the virtue of science and of poetry as of all other noble disciplines of learning, the central Method of the thinking and divining human intelligence, which is to be worked at and advanced by all who so can, and are called to this. It has been, during this hundred years, the work mainly of scientists and poets. (The play and the novel I mentioned earlier which seem to me really to deal with this virtue are Shaw's *In Good King Charles's Golden Days* and Hermann Hesse's *Das Glasperlenspiel.*)

Of the poets in the 1860s we take, first, Walt Whitman, and "Passage to India." I am puzzled as to how to conjure up this wonderful but longish poem here; stray quotations cannot compass it, and probably all I can do is ask you to pull it up yourselves out of your own memories. It begins with technology and geography, the roundness of the world felt by the poet as he stands on the crest of America and watches, as it were, eastward the opening of the Suez Canal, westward the progress of the transcontinental railroad, and sees in the human communications "the rondure of the world at last accomplished." Then he looks back, to the history of this rounding of the world, and what it has meant, myths and science woven together, the great sea explorers bringing us not merely the merchandise but all the myths of the East; and he turns our minds back to our biological history, Adam and Eve—as he says—"down from the gardens of Asia descending, then their myriad progeny after them," all humanity being, as the seafarers were, "yearning, curious, with restless explorations." And it does not stop with the rondure of the world, magnificent hymn though the poet sings to that. There is here, he says, challenge to seek passage to primal thought, to more than India, this exploration taking on the image of launching out into space, and (it is the same) of launching out into God:

> O thou transcendent, nameless,
> The fibre and the breath,
> Light of the light,
> Shedding forth universes,
> Thou center of them . . .

Of the poem as a whole Whitman said, "There's more of me, the essential ultimate me, in that than in any of the poems . . . the burden of it is evolution—the one thing escaping the other—the unfolding of cosmic purposes."

It may be that Hugo was attempting something not altogether different in *La Légende des Siècles*, but it is not that voice I want here, but his essay on Shakespeare, where he discusses the nature of genius as shown in the imagination of artist and scientist alike, that very virtue in fact which, I have suggested, is the essential unity between science and art. He has wonderful things to say about science, signalizing not its clarity, logic, control, as so many of his contemporaries did exclusively, but its groping and tentative nature. He recognizes too the crisscross nature of genius—"Dante combines and calculates, Newton dreams"—and its spring and source in the human imagination. We should remind ourselves here of the great work of instauration of the imagination undertaken from the start of the nineteenth century by poets—Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth; now Hugo picks up that note and prophesies its injection into science and mathematics. In an extraordinary passage in this essay Hugo goes so far as to claim (further than Sainte-Beuve) that in mathematical operation, in algebra and geometry and calculus alike, all of which he mentions and more, *"l'imagination est le coefficient du calcul et les mathématiques deviennent poésie."*

The Non-Logic of Invention

There comes a turning-point in the hundred years, it seems to me, with Henri Poincaré, the mathematician, and the three works in which he examines the workings of the mathematical and scientific mind, *La Science et l'Hypothèse,* 1902, *Science et Méthode*, 1905, and *La Valeur de la Science*, 1906. What interests him, and what he pursues and insists on, is the function, in mathematical thinking, of that which is not logic—imagination or intuition which, he says, is the instrument of invention or discovery, where logic is the instrument of demonstration (this in Chapter I of the last-named work of his). It is an emphasis destined to be taken up more and more by scientists, especially perhaps the mathematicians and physicists, right down to our own time, ousting slowly but surely the previous notion of science as a clear and entirely rational occupation. Not long ago I made for myself a list of the metaphors or terms which scientists themselves have applied to their own sort of thinking, the thinking which is not just routine but invention. It includes leaps, bridges (over what chasms, one wonders?), guessing, divining, inspiration, seizing on a happy idea, somnambulism, dreams, music, moving nets, bodily metabolisms, the dance. . . . If this gives you a sense of vertigo, you can on Hugo's crisscross principle steady yourself with a poet saying, "I could not bear, from 1892 onwards, that the poetic state should be set in opposition to the full and sustained activity of the intellect," the poet who took *Ostinato rigore* from Leonardo as his device—Paul Valéry again.

It seems to me possible, if we move on now to the end of our hundred-year span of time, to match the respective visions of a united science and poetry which we saw in Whitman and Hugo with the work of two great scientists contemporary with ourselves. If we take the latter vision first, as part of the advancing enquiry into the nature of thinking and imagination, in science as in poetry, we shall find ourselves now in the company of Michael Polanyi, and I have specially in mind his most recent work, lectures given at Duke University in 1964 under the title *Man in Thought* which are due for publication in the fall of 1966. As with a long poem, one cannot summarize adequately; but of special interest in our context here, besides the work

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he has already done upon the function of tacit knowing, of focal and subsidiary awareness and our powers of attending *from* the tacitly known *to* that which is yet to be known, is his discussion of the inherent unspecifiability of all good thinking (which is to say "fruitful," which is to say "true thinking"—is inexhaustible that which is real, in fact) and hence of all great scientific discovery and the theory that results from it. And if we take the other line from where we began, the stupendous vision in Whitman, this also can be matched and taken forward in our day, in the work of Dr. Joseph Needham, the volumes, already published and yet to come, of *Science and Civilization in China*. Dr. Needham is a methodologist of the scientific imagination in his own right (look for it in the passages on the metaphors of science Eastern and Western, and his exposition of "correlative thinking"); but it is the global view one catches here, as in "Passage to India," his pioneering work taking us again round the rondure of the world and opening up for us the scientific imagination not only of China but of India, of Babylon, the great Moslem civilization—they all come in.

It is to the great scientists of our day, I am convinced, that we must look for the central work on methodology of the human imagination which I have called the virtue of both science and literature, the essential unity. A hundred years ago this work was being done mainly by poets. Now the scientists have it, and the reason for this is that science is where, today, thinking is going on. It is not going on in the arts (practicing) or the Arts (academic). It may seem strange that I who am arts and Arts, as it were, should say so, but I think only somebody thoroughly involved in the Arts now could realize our utter unfamiliarity with thinking as such, an unfamiliarity so complete I doubt whether we should even recognize if it we saw it.

Hotchner's Echo

HEMINGWAY SI, PAPA NO

WILFRID SHEED

The saddest thing about Hemingway and his friends is that they never seem to have understood why most of us feel that "Papa Hemingway" is not much of a name for either a man or a book. The phrase, with its awful mixture of archness and fawning reverence, is probably enough to explain why we shall never get any really discerning memoirs from this circle. No one who has called a man "Papa" is ever going to write anything very telling about him.

Hemingway made such impossible demands in the way of loyalty that any objective account of him would still seem either an act of treachery or a fluke, like Lillian Ross' famous profile (Miss Ross apparently thought that her murderous piece was favorable). Many of those who passed the loyalty test truly and well were people like Toots Shor and Ava Gardner, who are not likely to burden us with memoirs. The more articulate friends had long since died or been weeded out. And the last secrets belong to Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper—the "good ones," the quiet ones.

Thus to accuse A. E. Hotchner, the author of *Papa Hemingway* (Random House, $5.95), of having written a work of posthumous sycophancy is somewhat unfair. He would have written no memoir at all if he hadn't been willing to play the sycophant to some extent. Hemingway expected his friends to be as compliant as his heroines. His final insanity actually took the form of a huge persecution mania, with no "good ones" left; but long before that he had been dropping people he didn't trust, insulting some of them publicly and all of them privately, and replacing them with what Leicester Hemingway calls in another context "kid brothers"—unmenacing, unequal people who would goggle over the old exploits and accept the Hemingway version of history: would accept, for instance, that he was a better man than Scott Fitzgerald, and that he really had beaten up Max Eastman, and that Morley Callaghan had never knocked him down, had never existed in fact. The kid brothers would root for Hemingway in all the old feuds because they had never met any of the other parties, or any other writers for that matter, and because Hemingway was deceptively witty and casual at reciting his grievances.

These are the ground rules and Hotchner is king of the kid brothers. Once this is understood, it can be seen that Hotchner has not done too bad a job, that he has done much better than Toots Shor would have, for instance. Edmund Wilson says that Hemingway began his career as and extremely "glib and slick" journalist. He had the good luck to end it in the hands of another one: a journalist who knows how to write brightly even with his hands tied.

Hotchner does a good deal to remove the Lillian Ross

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curse. Her profile left the impression that by the early fifties Hemingway had simply drunk his brains out, and that he spent half his time shadow-boxing with female reporters, telling them to keep their guard up, daughter, and the other half shooting at invisible ducks.

Hotchner presents somewhat more reasonable conversation and habits. Hemingway comes through malicious, of course, dishonest and occasionally pompous—but no more so than most of us would, on tape. And he also comes through good-humored, considerate and sporadically shrewd. The dishonesty shows up glaringly in the Lillian Ross episode: we have her word for it that he originally approved the piece, but it seems that later he found it "awful." Quite likely what happened is that he was as surprised as she by the general outcry but rallied swiftly, and had soon reached his usual position of having been right all along.

At times Hotchner draws an appealing picture of an aging romantic trying to live with courage and style in a context where these no longer had any use or purpose. We see him planning trips to Venice or Pamplona with the care and ingenuity of military campaigns. But there is no *point* to these trips. Ostensibly, he is going there to write something: but he might as well be going somewhere else, or staying home. He will stay at expensive hotels and tell the same stories to the same people. Nor is there anything to be courageous about anymore. When he and his friends stage an impromptu baseball game in the lobby of the Gritti Palace and break one of the best windows, the manager simply beams and says it will be a memorial. There are no adventures in a world where everything is taken care of by the management. The very rich are not like you and me.

For want of real challenge, Hemingway did his best to invent. But this has, at least in reading, all the hilarity of a businessman's convention. He could always afford to pay the damages. He was too old to run with the bulls, but he gave great parties. He still demanded that strangers behave with grace.

In all this—particularly in the combination of high-style and military etiquette—one is reminded inevitably of Tory romantics like his great admirer the late Evelyn Waugh, who likewise made a beautiful thing of a pointless style. One thinks also of Hilaire Belloc, carousing late and rising early, reconnoitering the land, and setting out with his friends to capture a perfectly superb cheese that he remembers from twenty years ago. But on one crucial point of style, the Waughs and Bellocs have the best of it. Working out of a recognized tradition, they did not need the support of sycophants. They had the courage of their arrogance, the self-assurance to make the Grand Manner work.

And this is what finally casts a pall on these last forays of Hemingway—the company he kept, culminating in the Boswell he left us. One especially gloomy aspect of this is the smug way in which Hotchner passes on all the catty things that Hemingway said about his contemporaries. It is too much like a small boy sheltering behind the school bully. (Ernest says you're a so-and-so.) If Hemingway wanted to insult Dos Passos or John O'Hara, he should have done it himself. One doesn't want to hear it from an informer: and certainly not from an informer who talks as if he, too, had earned the right to sneer at these men.

There has been much talk lately about "exploitation," ranging over Jean Stafford, Arthur Schlesinger, Truman Capote. Actually each of these cases is quite different. And Hotchner's is different again. Certainly there is no question of anyone's having exploited Hemingway—you might as well talk about exploiting Times Square. When Hotchner arrived at the *finca* to meet Miss Mary and Papa and to enter this whole pidgin-English world, he was already in process of doing a story for *Cosmopolitan* magazine. Ernest knew what he was doing in befriending Hotchner. He had long ago made a separate peace with the slick magazines. He even allowed Hotchner to use a tape-recorder, so that we would get the record straight.

Thus Hotchner has made himself a skillful mouthpiece for the Hemingway version. He has abdicated his own brain and his own personality to let Papa speak, one more time. If this surrender of a smaller man to a larger one faintly bothers you, it may be worth observing that Hemingway does exert a curious, very strong spell, even in death, even in a slick-magazine book. For all his foolishness, he was an authentic spell-binder. When Hotchner passes on a posthumous crack about Norman Mailer, it has neither more nor less moral value than Schlesinger tattling on Dean Rusk: but it is possible to see how you could fall into this trap, identifying with Hemingway and his view, to the point where his enemies and friends are yours. Hotchner is in himself both a good and a deplorable advertisement for Hemingway's personality.

The book struggles under a couple of other serious disadvantages. It seems that the most important item in one's compliancy, "good one" rating was that you had to chorus the Master's contempt for everything that had ever been written about him. Hence Hotchner slights the competition and fails to realize how repetitious both he and his subject often seem in consequence. Much of his inside material has appeared elsewhere. (If I have to read one more account of Hemingway's writing methods, I shall break my pencils.) Hemingway seems to have said everything at least fifty times for the benefit of the people who don't get *Time* or wherever he said it last week.

Hotchner also refuses to make some elementary deductions about Hemingway's neurotic tendencies. One might guess, from his choice of quotations, that there is some disingenuousness here—that he probably had pretty clear notions about Hemingway, and was at least familiar with the going interpretations. But officially, we get no deviations from Hemingway's own robust, generally favorable verdicts on himself.

Hotchner relays without comment Hemingway's swipe

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at one "Professor Philip Youngerdunger"—one of the death-wish indicator boys. This would be Philip Young whose book on Ernest Hemingway has just been re-released in a revised version by Penn State University Press (*Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration*, $5.95). Hotchner might have done well to consider Young's book more carefully. For it illumines his own material in a way that he was apparently not free to. And it is by no means arid or fussy as Hemingway's crack implies (all academicians were these things and worse in his reading) but imaginative and deeply sympathetic, and deferential enough for anybody but Hemingway.

Most of Young's findings have been assimilated (or distorted) into the consensus by now, and in their crude second-hand form were fair game for Hemingway's mockery. But in their original setting, they are not so easy to laugh off—and in fact, Hemingway's laughter has the usual queer ring to it because he did take the book seriously enough to try to prevent its publication.

Young's thesis baldly stated is that Hemingway's writing is all a form of recuperation. The stories in his first volume, "In Our Time," record the wounds: the preliminary ones of growing up, and the main event when he received two hundred odd pieces of shrapnel and thought he had died. For a time Hemingway and his surrogate Nick Adams were victims of traumatic shock. But they managed to master the horrors at last by means of a strict emotional diet: no thinking, no excitement, a total objectivity and concentration on process—what the fish does, what the rod does, how it all looks—in short, a primitivization, complete with incantation (the famous prose style) and ritual superstition.

The Hemingway hero typically is not a bullfighter or a boxer, but a broken man who has come to learn from these. Purity, simplicity, technique—doing it right: these are the keys to sanity. That this quest should have issued in some of the most beautiful writing of our time is not just a lucky coincidence. What Wordsworth or Coleridge or somebody called "keeping your eye on the object" is the secret of great poetry. And if this is done compulsively and for dear life, the effect may be all the more intense and aesthetically thrilling.

In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," the broken, cautious hero finally died. His dressings came off and the flesh underneath was too horrible to look at. The broken Hemingway was carted off, and bounding in from the wings came the new, always-right, perfectly-healthy Papa, who had been waiting restlessly since "Death in the Afternoon" to take over the act. This phase of his convalescence has been all too thoroughly documented by now, and it is perhaps enough to know that it ended in suicide. Young, in his new edition, is a sufficiently good Hemingwayite not to try to add to that. "Not too damn much," as Papa would say. On a clear day he shot himself, and how do you like that, gentlemen?

To return from this to Hotchner's well wrought account of the last days is to encounter something like real tragedy. Hemingway had proved and re-proved his courage by mutilating himself, smashing his head, breaking his legs, risking his brain and his nervous system over and over; and then he failed the one simple test he set the most store by: he took his own life. His courage, of course, remains proved. He cracked under a pressure that most of us haven't the gifts to imagine. He cracked, it seems, under the pressure of no longer being able to write like Hemingway.

SHORT HISTORY OF A SHORT-STORY WRITER

IVAN GOLD

I began writing fiction at the age of fifteen, when I came to feel I had exhausted the possibilities of doggerel. Turning my back as abruptly as I did on the medium which has served so many for so long, on childhood heroes like Edward Lear and Ogden Nash, was a piece of adolescent arrogance, but I was humble enough in the face of the new form to want to minimize my losses, keep the early awkwardnesses which were apt to occur within easily correctable bounds. For this reason—hardly the noblest—I turned to the short story. And, for a time, it worked out fairly well. I became adept, by my own not too stringent standards, at a length of 1000-1500 words, sparsely peopled sketches which first exploded, then (as my view of life infected my view of literature) trickled to an ending, none of which I would want to see resurrected, but they taught me a fair amount about economy and style. In due course the limitations of the length became oppressive—I walked about like an amateur photographer, seeing life as anecdote, trying to squeeze it into my frame—and my

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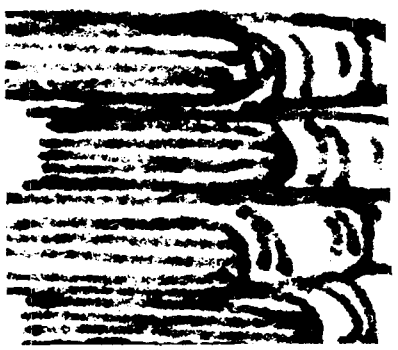
stories grew longer. Then they grew longer still, until in my middle twenties they seemed ready, as Nabokov put it of his once more modest conception of *Lolita*, to "grow the wings and claws of a novel." But they ground to a halt on the brink of that metamorphosis. They hung fire in limbo, a length of 75-110 pages, too long for most magazines and not long enough, each by itself, to make a book; to my mind, which was bent on avoiding the editorial quicksand of "novellas, short novels, novelettes," etc., they remained short stories, as distinguished from long stories, which was how I had come to think of the novel.

I was not, or not merely, being ornery; I had written a bad novel while still in college, abandoned another in the Army, I was as hungry as any other writer I have ever met for fame and fortune; but if the shape of my muse was out of fashion I would have to learn to live with it. Hanging on in Europe, age thirty, I began to consider the Foreign Service as a career.

I got past the written exam and failed the oral; but even prior to that my luck hadn't been all bad. *Esquire* published my basic training story, a monster of eighty-five pages, in early 1960; true it was tucked away toward the end of the magazine, but enough readers found it to consolidate my notoriety, which had been based until then on something half the length, known to those who admire it as "the definitive gangbang story," which appeared six years earlier in *New World Writing*. *NWW* was among several magazines to have turned down the Army story. I'd sent it there because I knew the editors, knew how liberal was professed publishing policy, and because I'd sold to them before. They kept it an unconscionable length of time—roughly two days per page—and finally replied to my many letters from London by saying how glad they would be to assist me in cutting it in half. That finished the association and what there had been of a dialogue.

To have a reputation based on two short stories meant to receive many letters from publishing houses which expressed admiration for the stories and evinced keen interest in having first look at "the novel." These letters were flattering and sustaining, and eventually it became pointless to write back that there was no novel, either in-progress or envisioned, although I couldn't say that there might not be one later on. The idea of the short-story writer as apprentice or unformed or lazy novelist had and retains great tenacity, and in fact the progression of many writers would seem to bear it out. To what extent the expectations and demands of the publishing world affect this progression is not easy to assess.

Eventually I had a third story in the *noble savage* (it was, in fact, a reworked chapter of the novel which had fallen apart some years before), and those who keep track of these things became convinced I had a full-length book up my sleeve. Several editors wrote to say how pleased they would be to publish a book of my stories just as soon after the novel as economics and decorum allowed. I could only repeat that I had nothing which fit the description. Finally Viking Press decided to act on statistical probability rather than my protestations and in 1963 brought out a collection of my stories (subtitled, for reasons which escape me, "A Collection") with an option on the novel which would follow. It was a brave and generous gesture, and I know that several editors genuinely admired the stories; but as they did painfully little to sell the book (saving the real promotional push for the novel) it fell on its face, despite good reviews, thus providing further proof for the cliché that short stories don't sell, at least not as an author's maiden effort. The exceptions one immediately thinks of went merely to prove the rule.



Before I left Viking, for the above and other reasons, they sold the stories to Avon, for publication in soft cover. Avon, it turned out, similarly regarded them as a sop. Though they had paid for the book, they declined to bring it out. The publisher I moved to had acquired both hard and soft cover rights to the long story I had finally, naturally, drifted into, and the long book was what Avon had been after.

Having stuck to my guns, a little despite myself, and projected a book of short stories into the public domain, and nothing more, I found that the small fraction of the world of letters I came in contact with was congenial to the point of embarrassment. I had become a short-story writer, and, by extension, a specialist in the short story. I was offered—and accepted—courses in teaching how to write it. I was asked to do pieces about it, review books containing it. The fact that I had no special interest in the form as a form, that I simply wrote works of fiction until I stopped, or until they stopped, it seemed prudent, for a time, to keep to myself. But only for a time. "Pure" short-story writers were in short supply, the niche was hard to fill, and as I had earlier felt jarred out of the role —which, it is true, I felt no great allegiance for—by irrelevant (publishing) requirements, I now felt I was being cemented into it. The solution, of course, is to finish what will almost certainly be billed as "his first novel," and this, at a far from breakneck pace, I am proceeding to do. Had I been a little more prolific, over the years, the story would probably have turned out differently.

The moral, if there is one, would seem to be that the writer's best friends are a few non-literary thousand a year, and scanty acquaintance in the publishing world.

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THE SCREEN

Undaunted that their darling "Darling" lost out on Oscar night to a more popular American mediocrity, the British keep plugging away. While neither of their new products now on our screens is as outstanding as "Darling," they are sprightly and in the modern stream. Perhaps if last year's "The Knack" hadn't come first and won all my unmitigated huzzahs, I might be more impressed now with the new "Morgan!" which is meant to be another far-out comedy. Far-out it certainly is with David Mercer's script about an idiot Peter Pan who scampers around London rebelling against the Establishment, hiding in a world of make-believe, and struggling to win back the wife who just divorced him. Under the expert direction of Karel Reisz, the lead roles are perfectly played by a couple of newcomers: tall, gawky, unhandsome David Warner who succeeds in making Morgan rather winning in spite of the boy-man's outlandish pranks and atrocious conduct; and lovely Vanessa Redgrave (Michael's daughter), who makes Leonie, the wealthy ex-wife, somewhat of a kook too, albeit a stylish one still half in love with Morgan but fed-up with his fun-and-games behavior. And the supporting cast is also fine, especially Irene Handl as Morgan's Marxist mother, and Robert Stephens as Leonie's new suitor and Morgan's friend whom Morgan attempts to murder.

Killing his friend and blowing up his ex-mother-in-law are only a few of Morgan's games—some of which are fun and stem from his adoration of Marx (Karl, not the brothers) and King Kong. Director Reisz does the fantasy scenes delightfully and at times even uses bits of old films ("Tarzan" and "Kong") to spice up Morgan's imaginative wanderings. But when our wacky anti-hero, wearing a Kong outfit, wrecks Leonie's wedding reception, escapes through London on a motorcycle, lands in a dump heap by the Thames, and has a series of wild hallucinations, the whole movie takes a serious turn for which we are not prepared. Is "Morgan!" trying to be a comic version of "Mickey One"? Or is it trying to say that Peter Pan in 1966 would wind up in an asylum? In any case, the comedy is so black that no glimmer of light shows through.

Another rebel-without-cause is the anti-hero of "The Girl Getters," a very well made movie about a group of boys, all drifters, who hang out at an English seaside resort and live off of the summer crowd. Tinker, the group's leader skillfully played by Oliver Reed, is a slick one, a roving photographer who takes girls' pictures, gets their addresses, and gives them out to his gang of fellow-idlers—keeping of course the best of the "birds" for himself. He finally gets his comeuppance when he becomes interested in a well-to-do, society girl who has been his sleeping companion and then brushes him off when she is ready to move on.

While there isn't much plot to Peter Draper's screenplay, director Michael Winner has fleshed it out adroitly, and the atmosphere along the crowded Roxham beach as well as the characters who summer here are captured in celluloid with precision. Tinker and his gang, the girls they enjoy, the milling crowds on beach and in town are all there—and the scene might be any place where people swarm to play on a holiday. Although Tinker is never developed in depth, we come to know him well.

Perhaps this rebel, without his realizing it, does have something in mind. He holds his own lower-middle-class in contempt, while at the same time he is envying and hating his girlfriend's society set. "The Girl Getters" has amusing moments in its satire on the boys' methods and gullible crowds, but it is essentially a sad movie, especially in its display of the empty lives of these young fellows, their lack of morals, and their drifting to nowhere. At times the film is reminiscent of "The Leather Boys," which also looked at aimless youth—but more closely. For the

JOHN FANDEL

WHITE THINGS

"I love white things. . . . Oh, I love white.
Marvelous. It excites my imagination." Andrew Wyeth

Clouds, surf, stones,
Daisies, stars, snow,
Queen Anne's Lace, dinosaur bones,
Lightning, the slow
Petal-fall
Of the pear—I do not know
How to name them all:
I love white things.

And the white dream,
The white moment, the white
Wish, moon-beam
White, night white,
White sleep. . . . Oh, I love
White, as this very white
I am thinking of

Now, the butterfly
White over the hedge,
A surf, dry
White, shimmering into the edge
Of shadow, white air,
This instant, my knowledge
Of wonder, the white everywhere
Marvelous.

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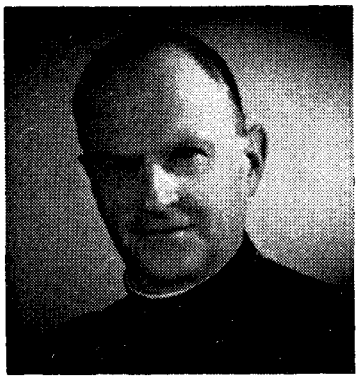

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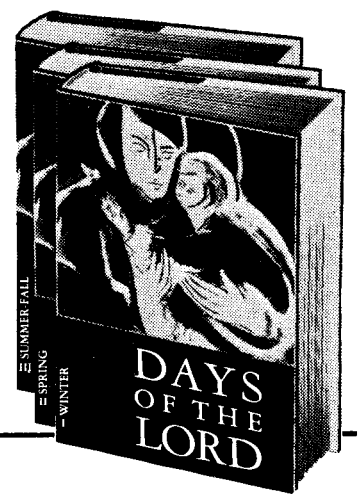

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boys who are "The Girl Getters" there is no future; and when the picture comes to its finale on a cool, gray day at end of summer, you are left with the same hopeless, desolate feeling as Tinker and his gang who have nothing to look forward to but next summer. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

MID-CULT MAD-CULT

THE STAGE

It is surprising that the "Mad Show" hasn't yet come under the gun of the cult-detectors. For if there was ever such a thing as mid-cult satire, this is it, with plastic tassels.

The subjects the M.S. sinks its rubber fangs into include T.V. kiddie shows, T.V. commercials and Dick-and-Jane reading books. In other words you have to be tolerably steeped in mid-cult to know what they're getting at half the time; and you also have to share the great consensus on what's funny these days. If T.V. ever set out to satirize itself, with full sponsor approval, it would probably do it exactly like this.

The history of *Mad* magazine which spawned the show illustrates some of the difficulties of satire diffusion. The original *Mad* under the ineffable Harvey Kurtzman was an eccentric production indeed, requiring a certain bizarre comic sensibility in the reader. Those less finely-tuned found it vaguely sinister or plain incomprehensible.

This is no way to sell magazines. So after a back-stage scuffle which could be heard all the way in the last row, *Mad* magazine changed editors and began to broaden and flatten its base. It started to aim at the people who write funny sayings on their sweat-shirts, and funny slogans on the bathroom walls: the self-conscious humor consumers, comic-mask equivalents of the old Book Club audiences.

The "Mad Show" is the net result of all this. Irreverence has become institutionalized, to the point where it is a simple reverse image, or complement, of the thing it mocks. The complete mid-cult brain includes both the T.V. program and the *Mad* joke about the T.V. program. There is no other frame of reference.

The "Mad Show" services above all the people who want to be irreverent without actually disturbing anything. It appears to be lashing out savagely, but the dummies are all filled with horse-hair. In a society of our particular sort, this kind of entertainment has obvious advantages—the government might even consider subsidizing it someday. ("Americans laugh at themselves. No danger of tyranny here.") It inculcates habits of safe ridicule in the young, while wringing an indulgent chuckle from the old; in short, it neutralizes the critical instinct at all ages by putting it through a series of pointless work-

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outs, exercise for the sake of exercise.

The show as constituted would not even gain much from forced injections of brutality and candor. Satire is not gauged by offensiveness alone but by idiosyncracy and authority of observation, and it is these that the "Mad Show" lacks almost totally. There is nothing in its rather homogeneous commentary that could not have been written by a bright high-school boy with no direct experience of life whatsoever. (This, incidentally, was never true of the old *Mad*, which was clearly the work of wizened adults.) It simply stirs up the received knowledge, the second-hand insights, swirls them around sluggishly, and allows them to subside: not once tapping the chamber of horrors at the back of the skull, the house where satire lives. (At the New Theater)

I should like to use this space to say a brief word about the late Warren Miller, who, among other more substantial things, contributed some excellent book-reviews for COMMONWEAL. (I hope it is not violating a confidence to say that he did the reviews to raise a little money for civil rights causes.) Warren Miller was a kind and witty man, and, without trace of theatrics or self-importance, a dedicated one. But I should like to remember him for another, perhaps even rarer, quality. Warren was a real writer. He cared about style, he cared about verbal and emotional precision. He could not have praised a bad book if life depended on it—even if it was written in a cause he favored. (In his eyes, a man who wrote badly was probably up to no good anyway.) This sense of what writing is all about is scarce at any time, and we cannot afford to lose our Warren Millers.

Whom the gods love continue to die young. Warren was 44. Although it is a tragic time for Mrs. Miller and the two daughters and a legion of friends, there is always something noble and heart-quickening about the brave death, at the height of his powers, of a man like this.

WILFRID SHEED

HAPAX,

Or, The Same Poem Over and Over

Holy Week. Once more the full moon
Blooms in deep heaven
Like a crystal flower of ice.
The wide winter constellations
Set in fog brimming over
The seaward hills. Out beyond them,
In the endless dark, uncounted
Minute clots of light go by,
Billions of light years away,
Billions of universes,
Full of stars and their planets
With creatures on them swarming
Like all the living cells on the earth.
They have a number, and I hold
Their being and their number
In one suety speck of jelly
Inside my skull. I have seen them
Swimming in the midst of rushing
Infinite space, through a lens of glass
Through a lens of flesh, on a cup of nerves.
The question is not
Does being have meaning,
But does meaning have being.
What is happening?
All day I walk over ridges
And beside cascades and pools
Deep into the Spring hills.
Mushrooms come up in the same spot
In the abandoned clearing.
Trillium and adder's tongue
Are in place by the waterfall.
A heron lifts from a pool
As I come near, as it has done
For forty years, and flies off
Through the same gap in the trees.
The same rush and lift of flapping wings,
The same cry, how many
Generations of herons?
The same red tailed hawks court each other
High on the same rising air
Above a grassy steep. Squirrels leap
In the same oaks. Back at my cabin
In the twilight an owl on the same
Limb moans in his ancient language.
Billions and billions of worlds
Full of beings larger than dinosaurs
And smaller than viruses, each
In its place, the ecology
Of infinity.
I look at the rising Easter moon
The flowering madrone gleams in the moonlight
The bees in the cabin wall
Are awake. The night is full
Of flowers and perfume and honey.
I can see the bees in the moonlight
Flying to the hole under the window,
Glowing faintly like the flying universes.
What does it mean. This is not a question, but
an exclamation.

KENNETH REXROTH

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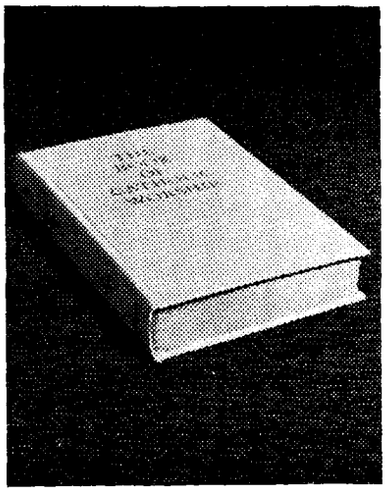

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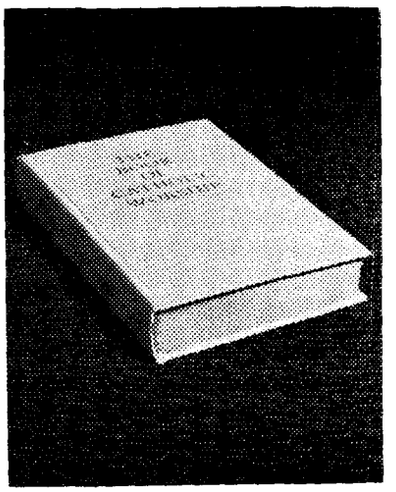

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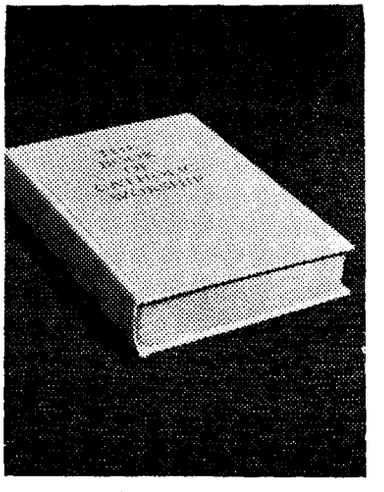

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BOOKS

Dark disease as a European tradition

Incubus

GIUSEPPE BERTO

Alfred A. Knopf, $5.95

ANTHONY BURGESS

It's difficult for the British critic to decide what makes a European novel different from an American one, and this is in spite of the fact that he has all the assessive advantages—the neutrality of his offshore island, the knowledge that the British novel has (through language and history) powerful affinities with the American and (through history and geography) points of contact with the European. Perhaps the British novel is, to the British critic, a high wall with a low door and no ladder, preventing a view of both America and Europe at the same time.

But, looking at Berto's remarkable novel, I seem to see in it elements which, though they have touched British fiction, have never seemed to play any part at all in the novels of America. These elements are not technical; indeed, Berto's style, with its avantgarde whiff, its monologuising, its typewriterese, comes very close to what we so often expect from the "big" contemporary American novel, candid, amorphous, sex-troped, poring over pores in a magnifying mirror. It is the subject-matter that seems alien to the American way of fictional life. *Incubus* is about hatred of the father; this hatred is expressed as an incurable physical disease. The fusion belongs to the author himself; the elements of the fusion belong to Europe. They do not belong to America.

Of course, I have to qualify right away, chiefly for the benefit of those who will say "What about Hawthorne?" Let's keep it modern: Hawthorne is too close to a tradition that America had to outwear. "Oedipus schmeedipus," as the Jewish lady said, and that is pretty well the attitude of American fiction to one of the great tortured themes of Europe.

The big American novels thrust out into the Atlantic or else into the West; when they're tempted to set their comfortable *mise en scène* in an inward-looking, self-satisfied township, then they become European and can admit the ghastly luxuries of incest and family guilt. Nothing better testifies the stability of ancient Athens than their playwrights' concentration on *hubris*: pioneer societies have no time for that. The pioneer American father had to be a god; the matriarchies that followed were a natural reaction, but they can't admit the true Oedipus motif—a luxury of settled patriarchies. If the American novelist wants guilt, he'll have to seek it in the Electra motif or in homosexuality.

As for disease—chronic, obsessive, indulged—that too has had a very small part to play in American literature. Perhaps the fear of real, physical, disease that animates American life and leads to a morbid (so it seems to a European) preoccupation with wrapped food, pills, and clean water, has its origins in a metaphor: Europe was the charnel, full of mortified systems and carious intolerances; America was to be the sun-swept loggia of political and social health. Again, how could a land full of fish, flesh and fowl, two harvests a year and (on the margin) the useful sassafras fail to promote a large glowing muscularity, admitting death only in old age or in the swift clean accidents of the hard life?

There have recently been American novels—nearly all set in New York (which can sometimes be seen as an annex of filthy Europe)—in which wealthy women slowly and elegantly die of cancer, but they are a mere sport. And slow death may be ennobled by that very American institution, the psychopomp, the specialist who shows the best way to the land beyond, the black California.

It is right for the European novel to be interested in disease, since Europe itself is a disease—exquisitely but treacherously mined with fistulas. *Don Quixote, Madame Bovary, Crime and Punishment, Doktor Faustus* all concentrate at great length on a long illness of one kind or another. When an American hero doesn't feel well he wanders the great plains and rivers, or else he turns himself into Henderson the Rain King. In Europe we take to our beds and cosset the malaise or the agony, waiting—like Giuseppe Berto's hero—till "it will be time to say *Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine.*"

Male Oscuro—that is Berto's Italian title, and it's a hard title to translate. Call it "dark ailment" or "obscure abomination," and it will carry few connotations for the American reader (and not perhaps the right ones for the British). *Incubus* oversimplifies into safe metaphor or the world of dream, which the bright morning will soon dissolve. Translators had the same difficulty with Moravia's *La Noia* (and, while we're at it, we might as well admit the total untranslatability of *accidie, ennui*, and *Angst*).

Now, Berto meets the West half-way by offering the experiences of his hero as "further support for the doctrine of psychoanalysis" (whatever that precisely means) and admitting the viability of curative processes. But if the narrator of *Incubus* thinks he wants to be rid of his disease he's being dishonest with himself, and indeed the whole manner of the setting-forth of his case-history is disingenuous. To the European, analysis is a means of making spiritual disease more interesting—not a necessary catharsis but a luxurious self-indulgence.

Here it is, then—an unstanched flow, rarely paragraphed, unbroken by dialogue, a single long chapter of illness somehow rejoiced in, since it can end only in *Nunc dimittis*. "Sometimes it also came through common stomach-aches or simple movements of intestinal gas things which for me are connected with the concept of cancer, or else with little pains in the left side of the thorax and a tingling sensation also in the left arm which obviously can be connected with the idea of myocardial infraction . . ." But really

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it is "the malefic influence coming from the tomb where rested so to speak that father with whom I had it seemed an ethical debt beyond all paying." And, of course, the "ethical debt" and the father-hatred resolve themselves into good old guilt, and sex comes into it as well:

". . . I had fornicated while less than ten minutes' walk away with my father proceeding towards his horrible cancerous death, and therefore, in an attempt to feel a little less miserable, I began to think that maybe it wasn't cancer, and in any case I could hope that the fairly optimistic doctor was right, and in the long run an artificial anus might even be preferable to death, you could never judge these things until it's your own skin you have to decide about . . ."

And once we're on to guilt we're on to religion. Berto's hero can't palliate his guilt in the normal ways open to Catholics, since he can't admit of channels of either purgation or of grace. After the long processes of freeing himself from the occasions of sin (meaning women), the guilt and the burden grow no less. The conclusion he has come to about the incubus is orthodox enough from the viewpoint of depth-psychology, but from the Catholic angle it is heretical. He will rid himself of his father only by becoming his father, "and since I have confused this father of mine now dead for so many years with God in the final analysis I am tending to unite myself with God which unless I am mistaken is the chief end of all religion."

Naturally, the priest to whom he presents this argument is not at all convinced; he "starts talking to me about the sacraments and the Communion of the Faith which is the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church with all her laws and symbols and institutions." The time for these, says Berto's sufferer, is not yet; first there has to be the sojourn in the desert and the ultimate, physical, identification which the normal processes of time and age will bring (". . . meanwhile I have become bald at least halfway back on my head and especially on my neck I have many wrinkles and one day if I feel like opening the envelope with the photographs of my dead father I'll see how far I've come with the physical resemblance, whereas I believe the spiritual resemblance or identification is just about achieved . . .").

I observe that an inescapable conclusion is coming upon me as regards the un-American nature of this remarkable novel (remarkably—let me say this now —translated by William Weaver). The conclusion is that the materials of the book are only available to a European Catholic novelist, and that the American fictional tradition will not admit any analogue to the self-torture of writers like Mauriac, Greene and (now) Giuseppe Berto. The contemporary American religious novel, complete with roads to damnation and sainthood, is the monopoly of Jews like Bernard Malamud, nor has it been possible to turn Kennedy into a specifically Catholic martyr. In Albee, Catholic guilt and Christ-identification are available to a boy who will, one is sure, grow out of all that.

Now, the view of life as a long disease runs counter to the American philosophy which produces the great American novels, but it is a natural enough view to the Romance mind. The Jew and the Catholic will meet, if they are heretical enough, on identifying God and the father: Kafka, claimed alike by Jews and Christians as a religious allegorist, though he is more than that, externalizes the father but still makes him a sort of God-incubus, Jacob's wrestler by day as well as night.

There is nothing in the American tradition which allows of filial guilt-hate-fear; and one will be surprised if the American Catholic novel ever produces anything darker than the brilliant comedy of a book like *Morte d'Urban*. Should Signor Berto ever become a naturalized American, it is doubtful if he could naturalize the imaginative processes which produce his fiction. His kind of novel will always be merely a very welcome though highly explosive import.

REVIEWERS

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Mayakovsky

TRANS. AND EDIT.
HERBERT MARSHALL

Hill and Wang, $10

ARCADI NEBOLSINE

The fame of Mayakovsky seems to have followed the same trajectory as that of his admired model, Walt Whitman. For a period both poets posed as the Bards of national glory. Then they were stripped of their singing robes. This *dépouillement* has been for the advantage of both by revealing in Whitman "the dirtiest beast of the age" and in Mayakovsky the revolutionary hooligan. The stridency of Mayakovsky's voice is even closer to Whitman's "barbaric yawp" in this translation by Herbert Marshall. The opulence of a Russian that derives from the Baroque periods of Derzhavin is sacrificed to the abruptness of Anglo Saxon. The lines of an early poem

shagi pomeshannych/ byut zhestkih phras pyaty

are chopped up in the following manner:

the footsteps of madmen bang/
hard phrases of heels.

In the same work the expressive verb "rydat" (to weep, to sob) is rudely translated as "to shriek."

The result of this processing is a very raw and crude Mayakovsky, a mouther of slogans, not a master of living speech:

Poetry—that's to sit over roses
and whine . . .
I
didn't invent the rose . . .
I want to stand
in the ranks of Einsteins,
of Lenins,
in the ranks of Edisons.

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But even if the reader will swallow this "loud-mouth" pseudo-Whitmanian language he will find that Mayakovsky falls short of the rank he would like to attain to. Mayakovsky is not as great as Whitman, for instance, because he has not got the American master's range of sympathy. His attacks are "small and dry":

> Hurry!
> Wring that damned canary's neck—
> So that Communism
> By canaries won't be wrecked!

His baiting of the bourgeois is not magnanimous; he attacks the "Philistines" by calling them "*trash*" and "the mishmash of the slime." Whitman, we remember, accepted "trash" and valued slime:

> Not an inch nor a particle of an inch is vile!

It is the compost, the leavings of men, that give forth "divine materials."

In one poem Mayakovsky has the sun address him:

> Come poet,
> let us dawn
> and sing
> away the drabness of the universe.

Unlike Whitman, who was ready to shine on both the just and the unjust, Mayakovsky did not accept this invitation.

A Mother in History

JEAN STAFFORD

Farrar, Straus, $3.95

JEAN HOLZHAUER

It is impossible to discuss *A Mother in History* without reference to the bewildering context of contemporary communications and moral sensibility.

The book itself is a little more than a hundred pages of interview with Lee Harvey Oswald's mother, partly tape-recorded. It avoids diagnostic opinion of the subject by letting Mrs. Marguerite Oswald speak, almost without interruption, for herself. One of its effects, cutting across lines of readership to reach Miss Stafford's literary followers, news

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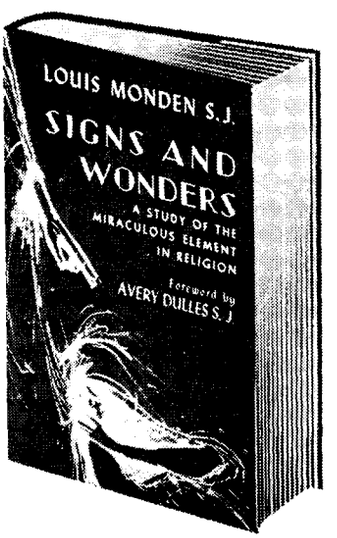

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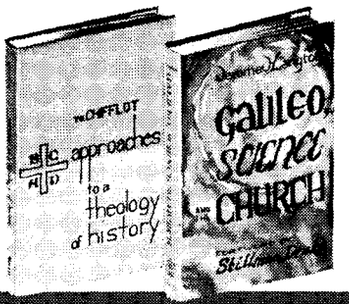

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addicts, and the merely curious, will be a general demonstration of a mental type.

Most of the previously published investigation of Lee Harvey Oswald's upbringing has had to do with factual circumstance. There has been much mention of Mrs. Oswald's two unsuccessful marriages, of the boy's fatherlessness, of his apparent neglect by his mother during periods of her employment, and of her refusal of psychiatric help for him when this was proposed during his childhood.

These matters are documented. Yet all of them together do not equal the overwhelming impression of Miss Stafford's account: the effect that so disjointed and delusionary a mind as Marguerite Oswald's must have had on her young son. The parent does not necessarily limit the mentality of the child; but volumes are spoken by this mother's deduction that because her son studied Russian in adolescence, he was then in the employ of his country's intelligence service.

Miss Stafford's eye is busy in reporting, as well as her ear. She notes that Mrs. Oswald possesses the "urban" skill of dressing well on slender means, choosing the one good little suit or skirt from the rackful of impossibilities in the bargain basement. She sees that the modest home is planned with "decorator" touches, and immaculately kept. She observes that her subject's car, a Buick bought with *Esquire* magazine's money for Lee's letters to his mother, is similarly well groomed and expertly driven. The picture is of a woman of unexceptionable, even rather admirable, facade. Her qualities are so familiar that she appears to be what she claims: an American middle-class working mother.

Moreover, she is sometimes sharp and retentive. She refers correctly to a little-known statement by Freud, to the effect that without persecution, there would be no persecution complexes. And she remarks, "We teach our boys to kill in war and we don't think a thing about it, yet if these same boys kill someone in the street they are lawfully put in jail or electrocuted."

But betrayal comes in her discussion of her son, revealing her nearly total inability, in crucial areas, to relate conclusion to cause, attitude to fact. She covers the gap repeatedly in this short narrative by rationalization and by omission, of the "as we all know . . ." variety.

She even takes a certain pride in symptoms of her incoherence, as when she boasts, "Can you do more than one thing at a time? I mean, can you listen and read and so on and so on, all at once? I can"; and when she warns her interviewer that she speaks at the rate of 180 words a minute.

Striving for objectivity, carefully crediting Mrs. Oswald with all her plausible abilities, Miss Stafford clearly remains a sensitive intelligence embarked on a distasteful assignment. Herself rational, perhaps even excessively so ("In point of fact," she writes, "I cannot easily assign my attention to two foci simultaneously . . . it sets my teeth on edge to hear Scarlatti on the phonograph while cocktail conversation is going on"), she cannot but regard irrationality as the adversary. As her readers will be, she is appalled by the chain of senseless and grievous destruction that may be seen as originating in one woman's chaotic mind.

This brings us inevitably to the purpose of Miss Stafford's book. It is possible that a popular case study of derangement satisfies a function as historic document and as public information. It is even possible that these uses outweigh the more noticeable motivations of profit and curiosity-serving.

Possible, but not, I think, likely. For *A Mother in History* is an exposure of a living woman who could have been neither directly implicated in the Dallas tragedy nor responsible for her indirect implication. For all the terrifying, inescapable conclusions about such mothers at large in our society—thousands, perhaps, less conspicuous than she—on the evidence of this book, Marguerite Oswald is helpless to interpret or to manage some levels of reality. Her own clamor for public hearing quite aside, it more and more often appears that journalism is empowered barbarously to exploit the individual to the point where the title of Truman Capote's "non-fictional novel" becomes heavily ironic.

Miss Stafford concludes her story with a simple account of the impact of President Kennedy's assassination on herself and her husband, the late A. J. Liebling.

"John Kennedy died everywhere," she writes, "not more in Dallas than in Paris or Calcutta or in my apartment in New York City." What is one to say to such a truism, except that the Marguerite Oswalds live everywhere, as they always have, among us, and that allowing for them in their gratuitous emotional destruction of others is one of the unsolved and perhaps insoluble problems of human life.

The Literary Imagination

EDIT. HENDRIK M. RUITENBEEK

Quadrangle Books, $7.95

The Creative Imagination

EDIT. HENDRIK M. RUITENBEEK

Quadrangle Books, $7.95

KARL STERN

Since the very beginning of psychoanalysis seventy years ago, its revelancy to the human condition was borne out by an intimate tie with the world of great literature. (Conversely, nothing could prove the sterility of a lot of "school" psychology of the experimental and behavioristic kind better than its hermetic isolation from the psychology of Sophocles and Shakespeare, Balzac and Dostoievsky). Soon a three-lane traffic began to develop: psychoanalysts were stimulated by works of fiction and drama; they tested their theories by reference to great literature; and they began to probe the relationship between neurosis and creativeness in the lives of individual novelists and playwrights. The field was so vast that, besides a wide dispersion of articles and books, entire periodicals were exclusively devoted to the subject, most notably *Imago* (continued in this country as *American Imago*).

The present volumes present an anthology of studies, chiefly by Freudian psychoanalysts, selected from over a considerable span of years. Among literary people who lack technical training

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in psychiatry one can commonly discern two opposite attitudes: those who believe that creative genius is a human variant with necessary pathological implications, and those who feel that psychoanalysis *over*-interprets the facts so as to fit a framework of pathology. In view of this it is noteworthy that the majority of geniuses dealt with in the first one of the present volumes are overt clinical "cases," generally known and accepted as such (Kleist, Strindberg, Hölderlin, Dostoievsky, Rousseau, Gide, Swift), or personalities who are at least stamped by the sense of a psychological enigma (the Brontë sisters, Kafka, Goethe, Proust, Romain Rolland, Thomas Wolfe, Walt Whitman, Balzac and Poe).

One passage from Lucile Dooley's essay on Emily Brontë might well serve as a motto for both volumes: "Nothing ever came into Emily's life to add to or to modify the simple, strong primordial emotional attachments and repulsions of early life. When she gives herself to self-expression in writing, these emotions come out with the force and power of an icebound torrent suddenly released. The ego is scarely present. The unchanged unconscious self speaks with as much freedom, almost, as it speaks in the psychotic." The doubtful phrase is "The ego is scarely present," for it is precisely the ego which pours the primeval lava into a meaningful form. Otherwise there would be nothing but psychosis.

However, while Emily Brontë's life following childhood was singularly uneventful in the conventional sense, other writers who were by no means lacking in adult experience, obtained their basic dramatic tension from that same primordial layer as did Emily. Needless to say, there are additional roots to epic and dramatic invention (the cultural, philosophic, political) which *are* fed by adult experience. The essays vary widely in depth and persuasiveness. There is Freud's classical paper on Dostoievsky which has served as a model for many similar studies. (Incidentally, to the clinician it is remarkable that although Freud's diagnosis of hysteroepilepsy—a form of hysteria which "fakes" the

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organic disease—has proved wrong on the basis of later medical evidence, Freud's thesis remains as convincing as ever. In other words, for the link between conflict and symptom the difference between authentic epilepsy and hysterical convulsion is irrelevant.) There is a haunting portrait of the schizophrenic Strindberg by Theodore Lidz which makes the connection between early family drama and subsequent psychotic evolution so tragically apparent.

Some of the essays are literary studies with little reference to psychoanalysis. Frohrock's sensitive and fascinating article on Thomas Wolfe is, characteristically, reprinted from a literary review. It does not relate to psychoanalysis and hardly fits in with the clinical tenor of much of the rest of the book. This is an example to show that, as so often in anthologies, unity of framework is sacrificed for the sake of variety.

The second volume comprises studies on the psychology of creativeness. Some of these papers have after a few years already achieved a permanent place in the literature on the subject (e.g. Phyllis Greenacre's often quoted "The Childhood of the Artist"). The problem of literary creativeness may be approached on different levels. One may take a work and follow its roots right down into the layer of the primary process—when imagery and affect form a primordial matter, not yet shaped by reason and concept. An example of this is provided by a paper by Melanie Klein on an opera by Ravel (apparently "*L'enfant et les sortilèges*"). To the reader, uninitiated into psychoanalysis, a good deal of this kind of interpretation must appear meaningless. Phyllis Greenacre studies the vicissitudes of libidinal forces as they may be or not be available for the creative channel. Edith Weigert ("The Goal of Creativity in Psychotherapy") places the principal emphasis on a system of values which transcend psychological mechanics.

The one lasting impression one receives from the reading of these two volumes is this: that the road from *eros* to *agape* as from the instinctual fuel to the fire of creativeness, will forever elude psychological observation. It is a metaphysical problem. It belongs to the phenomenon which Aristotle summarized under the term of entelechy. If we keep in mind this limitation—which the *hubris* of contemporary psychologism forgets only too often—studies like the ones presented in these two volumes can be most profitable.

Dialogue With Myself

MARTIN C. D'ARCY, S.J.

Trident Press, $4.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

Father D'Arcy is one of the *"pusillus grex,"* the small and rapidly diminishing band of intellectuals left of nineteenth century vintage. He was born in 1888, and went to Stonyhurst, the senior Jesuit college in England. It is in the north, in Lancashire, and counts over forty martyrs among its alumni, killed simply because they were Catholics. With such a tradition, bleak northern, tenacious, Father D'Arcy would have, it might seem, to be dour, severe, taciturn. He is utterly the reverse: the gayest, most joyous, most light-in-hand of human beings, equally at ease with small children and heavyweight men of letters.

Father D'Arcy opens with a paean in praise of persons, citing an unnamed teacher, another unnamed priest, and Augustus John's youngest son by his first marriage, as the great influences in his life. The last of these three, who drowned in Cornwall, had become a Catholic as a boy, and "his faith was like a campfire round which the young laughed, men sang and worked, and cows jumped over the moon."

Throughout his life, Father D'Arcy has been "lured on" as he puts it, by the problem of the self. "Could anything be more obvious?" he asks, and yet, he goes on: "like the unicorn of fable or the shy lizard on the rocks, it was most difficult to surprise and see clearly. Moreover there was something disturbing in the fact that philosophic explorers had come back with such different tales to tell of the self."

For eastern sages, the self exists only

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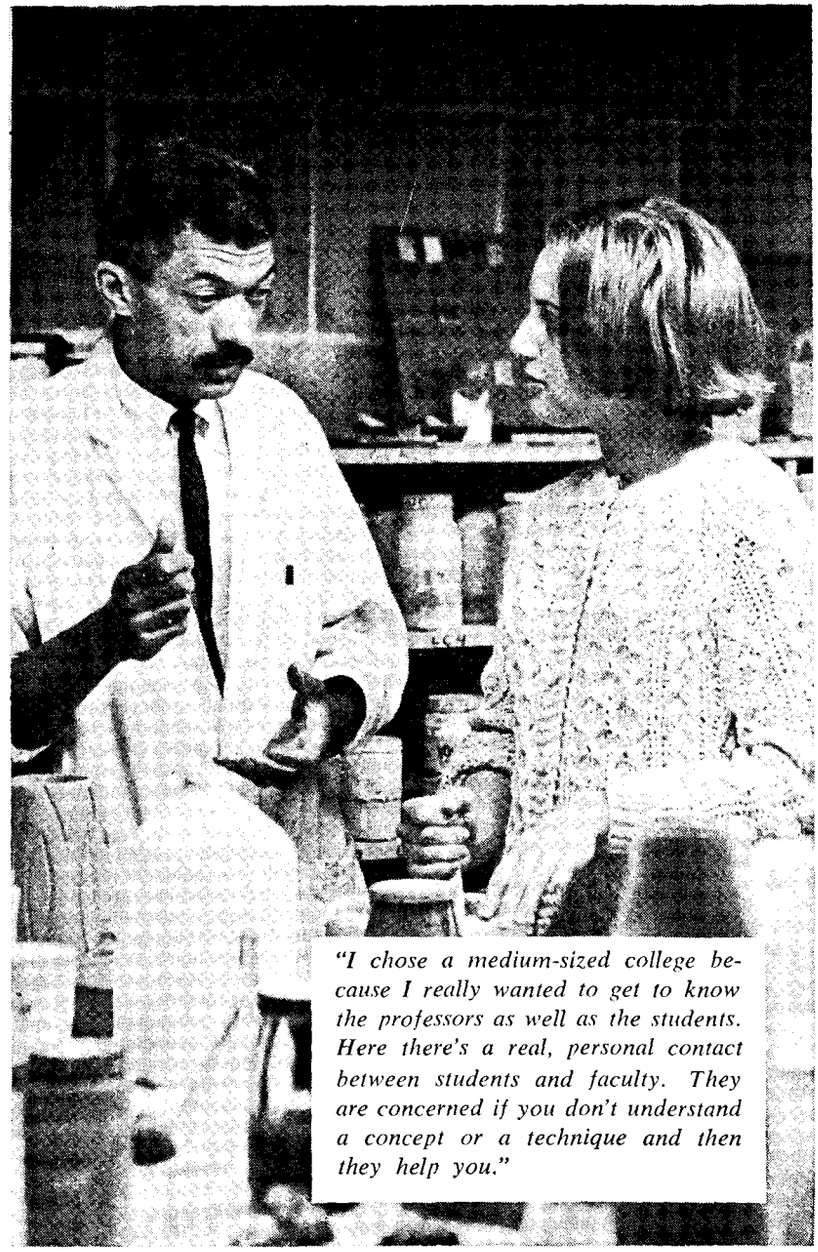
in so far as it recognizes itself as the Self: *Tat tuam asi*, that also are thou. Plato saw it as the driver of a complicated chariot; for Aristotle it was the form of the body; for Kant it was the "transcendental subject of perception." New explorations in drugs and with electrical stimuli reach in to pursue it in the far deeps of the brain. We are getting to know all the answers. But, as T. S. Eliot put it, "it is the questions that we do not know." If we could rightly ask "Who am I? What am I? How am I? When am I? *Am* I?" maybe we would arrive, like J. B. S. Haldane, at the tentative conclusion "I am compelled to believe that mind is not wholly conditioned by matter." And maybe not.

Father D'Arcy looks at the problem as approached by a variety of modern thinkers: Ryle, Strawson, Heidegger, Husserl, Ayer. For himself, he inclines to Merleau-Ponty, whose views he sums up as follows: "To understand is to bring about here and now the synthesis of the object. But when I understand, it is not I who here and now effects this synthesis, I come to it (as to a picture) bringing my sensory fields and my perceptual field with me, and, in the last resort, I bring a schema of all possible being or universal setting in relation to the world." Yet in the end even Merleau-Ponty disappoints Father D'Arcy, for according to him "We are nothing but a view of the world" and "this view is given to us by the body which is connatural with other things."

Stung again, one might say. Father D'Arcy moves on, this time towards Michael Polanyi's view as expressed in his essay on *The Structure of Consciousness*. For though he quotes many and high philosophers, and valiantly restates the Christian premise by which the self is forever guaranteed by the Incarnation, at the core of Father D'Arcy's quest, as at the heart of all human struggle, is the plain fear of death and the refusal to accept annihilation: the sting of death is the prick against which we all kick (Acts IX.5), from the cradle until we go down, still kicking, into the grave: *Timor mortis conturbat me*. Perhaps the most moving lines in this book are those Father D'Arcy quotes from young Patrick Shaw Stewart, written a few hours before he



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was killed in the Dardanelles:

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Thou knowest and I know not, so much the luckier I. Amen, say all of us.

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Macmillan, $6.95

MORRIS RENEK

Dan Jacobson's South Africa and Johannesburg are strange, unreal places to many of the characters who live there in his novel. The mindless savagery against the blacks, and the ingrained vein of anti-Semitism that helps make the land strange to his characters is what renders South Africa familiar to us. But there is an added element. While the air in South Africa is socially poisonous, the land below is rich. Anyone —who is white—can oftimes become enormously wealthy in a haphazard fashion. In terms of a universal justice related to the human condition, this country is proof that hatred and racial savagery can lead to success and the earth's wealth. Jacobson himself acknowledges the range of incongruity in this nation when he has a character remark that South Africa needs a Gogol and Turgenev.

The Beginners, for all its wide-ranging action to England, Europe, Israel and back, is about the calm eye of this Gogol hurricane. It is an almost meticulously planned novel about the lives and deaths of several generations of the decent, widely scattered Glickman family, and Jacobson is at his best in writing about the poignancy and quiet shadings of family life.

His hero is a refreshing change from the high-voltage, doomsday erotica of many current protagonists. Joel Glickman is a likable, painfully honest young man who has roots with his family but almost none with the land. His Jewish tradition, combined with his sense that South Africa's mad machine is no part of him, channels his ideals into Zionism. He enlists as a soldier for Israel and finds that Zionism does not fulfill him either. Joel's wanderings take him to England where he begins his career as a teacher. He renews his acquaintance with the troubled heroine Pamela. Their romance grows into marriage and the beginning of a new family life as the humane, memory-filled grandmother Sarah Glickman dies. It is a moving ending, for the optimism implicit in the life cycle has not been easily won in this book.

The quality of Jacobson's *yes* can be heard in Joel's thinking: "Pamela, when she had been young and free, he had not loved, No, he had to wait until she was worn, married and miserable; he had to hear that she had had a couple of miscarriages and was afraid her woman's organs were defective; he had to satisfy his appetite for failure . . ."

Jacobson has ironed out his long, involved narrative with a naturalness that is, at once, the story's virtue and its seed of reader discontent. There are not enough moments of insight to sustain the story's lack of dramatic interest. To get in the multitude of incidents that give this novel its realistic fullness, there is a turnstile push of characters to get on. New faces, with all the baggage of description, appear and disappear.

When the story does break through the dovetailing, there are superb moments of perceptive humor. This happens when Joel meets his relative Yitzchak in Israel. Yitzchak tells him how he was saved and sheltered from the Germans by a brave peasant who also gave his pigs Jewish names and taunted him in a half-crazed humor about turning him in to the Nazis. Once Yitzchak finally divests the old man of his taunts through a violent choking, the two have nothing to say to each other, although Yitzchak now addresses the old man as father. It is this colorful Yitzchak who will go on to South Africa, fifty years after the first relative, and begin his new life there while the rest of the family have left either through emigration or through death.

What is wrong with *The Beginners* is that the conflict of these people with their land and its injustice (". . . look at South Africa! Look at this country, with the kaffirs living like pigs, and the

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white men kicking them around") is left in the rhetoric.

We Accuse

EDIT. THE VIETNAM DAY COMMITTEE

Diablo Press, $1

LLOYD ZIMPEL

That ghostly brute, "the System," which so readily swallows dissident elements, has so far failed to ingest the Vietnam Day Committee, proponent of the college teach-in as a protest against American foreign policy. But members of the Committee are appropriately fearful of such engulfment. During the 36-hour teach-in at the University of California at Berkeley last May (the tapes of which form the basis for this book from a venturesome West Coast publisher), Paul Potter of Students for a Democratic Society issued a warning: "The Zengakuren in Japan is noted for being perhaps the most radical student movement in the world, but few of us know that Japanese business leaders compete to get leaders of the 'Zen' into the giant corporations in Japan, because they so easily fit into the system."

But even if General Motors recruited at every teach-in, they would not be the VDC's greatest hazard. In another of the sixteen essays in this book on the "new political anger," I. F. Stone warns that as the nation moves toward war, dissension will be swept away and "there will be a polarization at home, and a new McCarthyism and a new witch-hunt."

Less than a year later the facts threaten to overtake his words. Leaders of the California state legislature promise an investigation of student political activity at Berkeley. "Polarization" of a highly vocal support for the Administration continues to grow, but seems to stem less from approval of the Vietnam policy than from disapproval of the protests and protestors. Probably less newspaper space goes to actual reports of the Vietnam war than to news, say, of the patriotic chap who submits to a hernia operation so as to fit himself for Vietnam duty.

Still more ominous a sign, in that it may prefigure the shape of a final public confrontation: some 10,000 peaceful protestors are turned back by Oakland police who do nothing to prevent a squad of Hell's Angels motorcyclists from violent harassment of the marchers.

But somewhere between those paths that lead to a pat on the back from a paternalistic establishment, and a punch in the mouth from a leather-jacketed hood or his uniformed benefactor, lies the more rewarding course pursued by those VDC leaders and teachers who seek to insert Vietnam into some kind of Cold War perspective. Precisely this reach for historical perspective on Vietnam—with important asides on the Dominican Republic and the Southern civil rights struggle—occupies such knowledgeable contributors to this volume as M. S. Arnoni, Felix Greene, Senator Ernest Gruening and Norman Thomas.

These gentlemen offer instructive and persuasive facts. Yet there is a strong sense in which their argument seems to be beside the point, suggesting, perhaps, the futility of attempting to reason from a "set of facts" about Vietnam—a notion tellingly developed by Norman Mailer in his celebrated "Hot Damn, Vietnam!" speech, the leading contribution to *We Accuse*.

"Our present situation in Vietnam," says Mailer, "is so irrational that any attempt to deal with it logically is illogical in the way surrealism is illogical and rational policy discussion of Adolf Hitler's motives was illogical and then obscene." Admittedly far from "closely-reasoned quiet argument," Mailer's criticism is instead intuitive and engrossingly psychopolitical: "The great fear that lies upon America is not that Lyndon Johnson is privately close to insanity, so much as that he is the expression of the near insanity of most of us."

To Mailer, "the country is in disease," with a "cancerous emptiness." Others, too, find in the Vietnam situation the manifestation of sickness. To Isaac Deutscher "the West at large is sick with the myths and legends and the distortions and the brain-washings of nearly two decades of Cold War." To Dr. Benjamin Spock, America is dangerously shot through with anxiety, "increased hys-

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teria," and "distortion of personality."

These estimations of the "disease" within the Vietnam plight seem truly to be what is "new" in the "political anger" expressed here; they sit more meaningfully in our minds than do the coolly reasoned exhibitions of Cold War facts which, falling under examination in cold print, fail to provide the necessary information to revitalize—or even mildly stimulate—public thought on the matter.

But what indeed is called for? "Anything!" says Senator Gruening. "Any kind of peace would be preferable [to] this kind of a war." Mailer suggests a subtle attack upon the voracious Presidential ego. Dick Gregory proposes a march unarmed to a sacrificial death on the front lines. Staughton Lynd calls for a "war crimes tribunal to assess the moral responsibility for the horror of Vietnam."

With the exception of the public display—in keeping with Mailer's suggestion—of upside down likenesses of LBJ, these proposals have not been much observed. But then the possible results of the teach-in were never over-estimated. Says Mario Savio: "I don't think that any of the, perhaps, naive solutions or suggestions which might come out of this meeting are going seriously to be considered by those formulators of policy."

Eric Sevareid, then, innocently misses the point in a later comment on teach-ins: "The course [in Vietnam] is set. The President is paying much more attention to the news from the battlefield than to the news from the campuses. . . . If the protestors really believe they can force a turn-about they are intellectuals who fail the simplest test of the intellect. They are posturing, not thinking."

That the contributors to *We Accuse* "really believe" there is small doubt. However, the value of the teach-in lies not in its ability to "force a turn-about" —nor even in its ability to isolate symptoms of a nation's "disease." Possibly, as Paul Potter says without embarrassment, most merit lies in what the teach-in adds towards building a "beautiful and important" movement to "exact basic change." Possibly, too, the worth of the teach-in rests in nothing less far-reaching than what Staughton Lynd suggests—to keep "the spirit of truth alive."

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 213*)

Herbert Gans' incisive critique of past and current federal housing and renewal policy and practice. I do, however, have serious misgivings about the feasibility of some of the alternatives Mr. Gans proposes.

Professor Gans' proposal to scatter federally-subsidized housing for minority and low-income groups throughout the metropolitan areas seems to be terribly unrealistic in view of the dominant groups' preference for racial and economic homogeneity in residential areas, the relatively high degree of freedom they have in choice of residence and hence ability to avoid what they consider to be undesirable situations, the jealously guarded political autonomy of the suburban areas, and finally the limited incentives the federal government could or would be likely to offer suburban communities to accept non-whites or subsidized housing.

In my estimation, Professor Gans underestimates the strength and misunderstands the character of the opposition to Negroes in white residential areas. There is little doubt that the elimination of economic barriers to adequate housing will help, but I doubt whether improved economic status will remove the most important barriers to Negro access to good housing and hence the elimination of overcrowded ghettos. Racial prejudice as such (for example, the continued abhorrence of interracial marriage) and the political fragmentation of our metropolitan areas will continue to stand in the way of a solution to this problem even after the disadvantaged groups have available means (based on their own earnings or a rent subsidy) to compete for housing on the open market.

RICHARD A. LAMANNA

"Conscience and Orthodoxy"

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors: Daniel Callahan has written a thoughtful and thought-provoking article in "Conscience and Ortho-

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doxy" (April 1). But I wonder if his final sentence is not wishful thinking: "We had better start talking now, though, before the panic sets in."

I think we are well advanced into the panic area.

It would be nice if we were really able to act as the pilgrim Church we are. Unfortunately, such is not the case in too many instances. Journeying into uncharted lands is taken, too frequently, as a total abandonment of history. Re-evaluations of doctrine are met with cries of heresy. Too few people are willing to thoroughly study the re-evaluation before condemning it.

It would seem to me that one must, as I think Mr. Callahan put it (and quite well), be willing to face making errors in seeking Truth. Quite simply, I don't think one can hope to find the Truth by any simple formula. It takes the ability to risk and to make distinctions between doctrine, sound tradition, and simple custom. It also takes the willingness to chip away veneer. Unfortunately many people see the veneer as providing the stability and any scratch on the veneer produces panic.

Anyone who reads the press is aware of the large disputes over a very mixed variety of things in the American Church: Father DuBay; the St. John's events; Father DePauw; the Sister forbidden the lead in a play; the unpleasantries surrounding the Delano strike; etc. Perhaps Mr. Callahan does not regard these as signs of panic. But for every one of these there are at least ten or twenty (and I would guess more) less publicized censures which indicate to me panic on the part of those in authority.

There is much to be feared when a well-known Sister is practically ostracized by her "religious community" for daring to speak on Sister renewal; or when the same "religious community" is forbidden even to speak about change of garb. There is much to be feared when people are reprimanded by those in command and told that "an investigation has been made." The fearful thing in this is that in two instances I know, the persons reprimanded (presumably the central figures in the situations) were unaware of the investigations until they were completed and the reprimands issued. There is much to be feared when people being dismissed from the faculty of a Catholic college with the assurance of the administration that their competence was not in question are not even presented with the charges against them and are not even given the chance for an interview in the chancery ordering their dismissal.

One could go on with such a list; but there is nothing new about it. It is not a revelation. It is happening, however, with increasing frequency. To me this seems indicative of panic.

I don't think such methods will stop people from searching. There will be some who will give up. But there will be others who will go on with honesty and conviction to do what Mr. Callahan thinks must be done—to be real pilgrims seeking the freedom of the Sons of God. What is frightening is that the panic in authority I believe to already exist may actually cause the dramatic heresy that the authority seeks to avert. Unless there is greater communication on both sides, and unless there is freedom from the fear of retaliation, I think that it is almost inevitable.

If what I think is panic can produce such things as those listed above, I wonder what kind of panic will be produced if we "retrace all our steps, giving no thought for the possibility of an institutional disaster." I too think that "that is irrelevant where truth is at stake." But I also think that we can expect the present panic to be magnified beyond our wildest imaginings.

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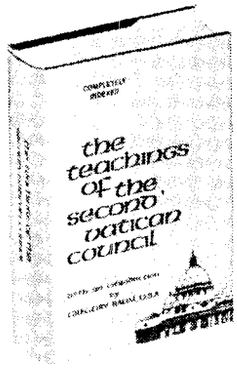

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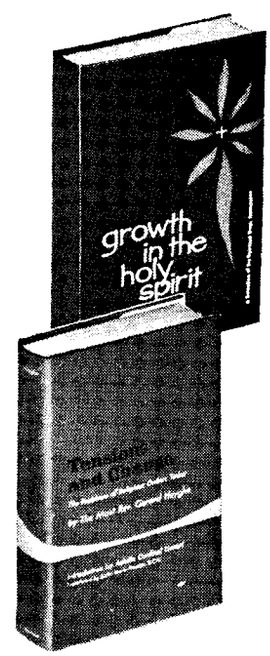

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